



Miss Mary Fayet Tremaine
Care of Mrs J.E. Currie
"Heatherland"



Fairmile Ave
Cobham
Surrey - England.

← SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSUITE ICI →
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

M H Tremaine
5608 Queen Mary
Heatherland
P. Q.

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

Home - Oct 15/55.

Dear Mary Faye -

About time you heard from one of the male members of the family so here goes. We had such fun receiving your letters and you have been wonderful in keeping us posted and telling us of all your doings. I especially loved the way you told us the details of all your adventures. Your last word was your card from Paris and when we were ushered into the same pew as the Harbours at the Wilson wedding yesterday we were able to tell them that we had just heard from you & they said that they had also heard from Fay. I saw Baxter a few weeks ago and he said that they had had very few letters from her and usually just cards. We talked with Bill after he had your letter from Nice. He has been here several times, the last was a week ago last night just before he went to Ottawa. The wedding yesterday was fun but Mum will let you have the details - we went to the City for food about eight and when I went to get the car later found Mum talking to Philip Petraloggi. He says he is returning to Switzerland and is to be engaged. He finally came to the conclusion that the girl he left behind is the one and so he goes in Dec or Jan. Met a man named Lewis who had just come back from Chicago & had been on Jim's Court. He said Jim had done well and while

he was the youngest man
there he made a name for himself.
He returns to Ottawa Oct 17th. Ted
looked fine when we saw him
two weeks ago. He is proud of his
one stripe and takes a great interest
in Squadron sports. We had a
long letter from him yesterday.
In football the "A's" are in high
gear & lead the pack. They play
Toronto here to day. The Lillies only
fair - they lost to Queens in Kingston
& Mid Western here last week. They
play in Toronto to day. I was at
a party for Harry Griffiths - the new
athletic director - last week. Will
send you the clipping from the
Gazette. My love to the Lunnies,
Deas and you'll find mail for
you at the Mannuels. Nancy & I
had Thanksgiving dinner with us & the
Pagnis. de lob is in the Vets & Edith is here
until to-morrow. Hope you have a good
rest at "Heatherland" Best love from
us both. Dad.

MONTRÉAL
OCT 25
3 PM
1955

AIR PARCEL POST



Miss M. F. Tremaine
Le Bank of Montreal
9 Waterloo Place
London

AÉROGRAMME
AIR MAIL · PAR AVION

England

← SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSUITE ICI →
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

Mrs. K. N. Tremaine
5608 Queen Mary Rd.
Montreal 29
Canada

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

Oct 24

Dearest Mary Fayre. It was wonderful seeing Gay
 and getting first hand news. We were particularly
 glad to hear that you had that first week-end of
 Gay left, with Judy Burrell at Knapp Castle. Something
 quite new and really English would be a good
 way to fill the gap. Gay delivered your letter
 about 7 a.m. but we didn't get up till about 9.0.
 So didn't read it till about 10. It was a grand
 letter but I am so sorry that you didn't get your
 mail. The one I wrote about the wedding anniversary
 was a very long one and I know that the boys
 wrote to Rome & I think nice. We went to the
 football game on Sat. aft. a wonderful game.
 Terribly close & M^r Gill WON against varsity. Gay
 & Bill came out after the game & we talked until
 dinner time - she had to go home but Bill came
 back for dinner & Jim turned up. After dinner
 Bill took Gay out & Jim took Betty Heewood &
 apparently had quite an evening. Sunday we had
 as Gay called it "The Kick off for the Sunday dinner".
 Pete, Jay, Dick, Bill V. Ann Rainnie, Audrey Rocking Lane, Gay
 Jim, Dad & I. Quite a party. Gay gave me my precious
 little bottles of Grasse perfume & my sweet little Cross
 which I put on my watch at once. I just love them &
 Jim & Dad were thrilled with their ties & Jim with
 his medal. The dolls for Diane are very sweet &
 I am sure she will love them. I have started my
 painting again & am having fun. This week
 is the I. O. D. E. sale but we are going to Claire
 Faulkners wedding so I get out of it. I will
 get at your red velvet skirt right away &
 send it along to keep you warm. I imagine
 you want the ski socks before Christmas so
 what colour please?
 Still don't know what we are going to do about

Holiday, but something will turn up. I am dying
to see your Paris gown so get someone to take
a snap of you in it. I love Gays & also her
suit which she says you made her buy. It is
a lovely colour & most becoming. I am very
excited about talking to you on Wednesday
evening at the Manuels. It is a good idea getting
to know them again before you go away with
them at Christmas time. I think it will make your
first Christmas away from home much easier to
be doing something so unlike a normal one.
Barb will probably see you about the time
you get this so she can bring back more first
hand news. Gay is coming out soon again as
we haven't nearly caught up yet. Lots of love dear
and I hope you have luck getting a job. Kisses.
Mum.

UNIVERSITY CLUB OF MONTREAL


Oct 28/55.

Dear Sue -

We were so sorry last evening not to be able to get through to you at the manuels. We had been told at four p. m. that all was laid on to speak at six p. m. I got home about 5:30 and when sis came we were both waiting to jump for the phone. At 6:15 they reported difficulties & at 7 we called it off as we expected you would be in the "tac". I know you will have a wonderful week-end in Aldershot and no doubt you'll be taken over to see Tara and her family in Edinburgh.

We loved your last two
letters, berries & knapp, but
I am afraid if you found
it cold at "Heatherland" it
is going to be a long cold
winter. However Mums has
your red skirt about ready
to get off and it should help
to keep your legs warm.
Knapp rounded fern and we
thought a little girl called H.F.
would be surprised when she
realized she was to stay at
the castle. Mums had a nice
letter from Judy yesterday.
Evidently you stood up well
and they all were very fond
of you, Dear. I hope you are
able to see them again. We
found Judy to be great
fun on the R. M. C. week
end and we were not surprised

that she looked you up so promptly. Too bad you missed our letters about the 25th Anniversary. We had a great party and followed your suggestions & stayed up until 4.30 am & I took the next day off. The remains, tentils, Pattersons, Cars, Lushings, Paviors, Kit, Larry & Reids made the group. Drinks & Champagne for toasts all took a couple of hours & then buffet dinner of cold turkey. The cake was on choplay but not eat as it didn't smell too well & we put it away for the 50¢. We love the trifflits and eat them all the time. Teddy did a good job and they are engraved - "To Mum & Dad - on our 25 Anniversary"

on the plates & "1930-1955" at the bottom of each. Very much admired by everyone. We got many "puzzles" and we gave our guests an ash tray with silver rim. "KENT PAT TO DOT & NOB" "JOSEPS" -  & the same idea for the others. They all seemed to like them. Jim was home for last week-end and comes again Nov-6. Ted didn't come home for his long week-end. He decided that he should stay & study. Let us know what you'll need for your trip to Switzerland & how the bank account is standing up. Tovey, Alva, Gay & Phillip's for dinner this Sunday. We are going to serve sherry & Red wine with the roast just & the Continent. Best love & best & good luck in your job. It sounds just what you want. Affectionately Dad.

AEROGRAMME
AIR MAIL · PAR AVION



MISS M. F. TREMAIN
OBERST-LEV. FREIESLEBEN
LIUGARDENS - KASERNE
OSTERVOLD 2 B
COPENHAGEN
DENMARK

← SECOND FOLD HERE — PLIEZ ENSUITE ICI →
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS — NOM ET ADRESSE DE L'ENVOYEUR

Mrs. K. N. Tremain
5608 Queen Mary Rd
Montreal 29
Canada

NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

Dearest Mary Faye: It was wonderful Aug 19/55
hearing your voice & so good of the Curries to phone.
After you left, Dad said "You know it wouldn't
surprise me at all if they didn't go near the Curries,
they will get involved with Ronie & other things to
do". I said I not only bet that Mary Faye will go
but that they will phone! Last Saturday we went
to Kingston for John Primrose's funeral. Came back
here & Sunday Dad put Charity on her plane
while I went to Church. After that we packed some
food etc & went up to the Powises Cottage planning
to stay till Tuesday night or Wed. morning. We
had a wonderful swim for about an hour
in the afternoon then had lunch & a short
time later went up to the Tremains for drinks
before dinner - they were having guests. We
came down & had our own dinner & later
an father suggested a "skinny". It seemed like
a wonderful idea but because we weren't
skinny we didn't take a flask. Well - trust
me - I fell. Fortunately I realized I was going
down on stone so threw myself & landed
on the first board of the dock - not the rocks.
We came down on Monday & I have been
in bed - just badly bruised bone & very sore
coccyx. But I'm up today & can sit with a
rubber ring. But the windows or perhaps I
should say - down the hatch - went out
little holiday. I phoned Bill & said Hello for you
& he was very pleased. When I was cleaning up
your room I found the clock the Libetts
gave you & wondered if you would like to
use it as a wedding present for some-
one - sometime? Speaking of which

You got one for Mary Keids wedding - I will
get some little thing for you - Sept 10th. a
letter from Ted this morning - He has averaged
88% in his exams! Doesn't know when he is
coming home as Sue wants him to go to
Cobourg for a week - Saw Jim at the funeral
in Kingston he is going to Toronto this week
end - Old H.F. has been wonderful since
I have been sick - treats me like a helpless
baby - Every time I snatch a nap she trips
upstairs & says "Are you asleep?" which wakes
me up & then she says "well - that's good for
you". The heat still continues & very muggy
with it - I phoned Joe & Ola & told them to
come & sit in the garden - They said they
would - How darling! lots of love & have
a wonderful trip - Careful on the narrow
roads - Love & Kisses - Mum - ^{we phoned Hampsons after} phone call - Love to Gay.



Miss M. D. Tremain
% Bank of Montreal
9 Waterloo Place
London, England

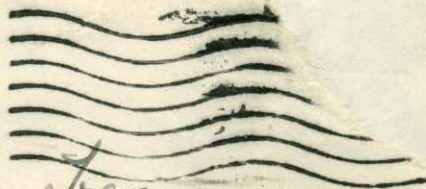
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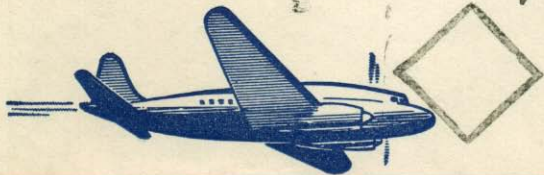
NO ENCLOSURE PERMITTED — NE RIEN INSÉRER

Aug 11th.

Dearest M.F. - Well today you are in the open sea & I hope that the old Tommy is behaving - You certainly had a send off to end all send-offs. It was a lot of fun. The house has been very empty but old H.F. and I got right at your room & now it is all finished & clean & shiny, waiting for a guest. As a matter of fact it is going to have one on Saturday night. John Primrose (cousin in N.Y.) died yesterday & is to be buried in Kingston on Saturday. Daddy & I are going to meet Charity - (the daughter) here & go on to Kingston with her on the morning train & back on the evening train. She will sleep here & then we put her on a plane for N.Y. on Sunday morning. Mrs MacEwen called me the day you left & wondered if you had rec'd your prezzy from her. Of course I couldn't tell her but after we got your note I phoned her. Boy did she love rave about you and told me about the Doctor in London to whom she wrote. I think it might be a good idea to look him up. I had a letter from Tommy Stone & he said they would come to see you & that he would write to the Bank of Montreal & give you the dope. Bill is getting the film, which



Miss Mary Fayre Tremaine
% Bank of Montreal
9 Waterloo Place
London
England



VIA AIRMAIL



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO

Sept 1/55

Dearest Mary Jayne: We have enjoyed your letters & post cards so much and are following you along the way in our "Europe in Pictures".

We cabled you to Bergen & it was returned undelivered. Apparently it was delivered in time to the Grand Hotel and they didn't deliver it to you. We just wanted to tell you not to fall in the fjord.

I was laid up for a couple of weeks with my back but had X-Rays & there was nothing except severe bruising. I am still sore but much better.

Last week end we spent in Magog with Sunny & Neil & had a lot of fun. It was a grand rest with a couple of parties thrown in.

We are planning a dinner party for the night of the 20th which should be fun. About 16 people. Bruno at the University Club has agreed to ice the cake, and is simply intrigued with the idea that we have had it all these years.

No letters from Ted so I can't tell you no news of him. I think he is going

to spend this week in Cobourg.

Jim dropped in for the night last week - to take Betty out & they apparently had a grand evening. We are expecting him home tomorrow for the week end but he is to be an usher at Al Derek's wedding, in Kingston, on Monday so he will be off again.

Carter is home & brought Diane a Dutch doll so she doesn't want one of those, if you do go to stay with Lemmy Stone.

We saw the Packham's off on the Scotland on Tuesday & guess what! We have the plan & application forms to fill out for next October!!!

I am letting H. D. go the first of Oct. because with just the two of us I would rather have a Char. two days a week.

Barb & Jim have had their return delayed an account of Mr Pearson going over - so you will probably see them in London. They are due home sometime in November. Give them B & M. address - Loads of love & write often - we love leaving! Mum,



VIA AIRMAIL



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO

MADE BY N. P. G. LTD. CANADA

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TELEGRAM

WORLD WIDE COMMUNICATIONS

"The filing time shown in the date line is STANDARD TIME at place of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at place of destination."

RAA296 14=FD MONTREAL QUE 9 609PM=

1955 AUG 9 PM 6 16

=MISS MUFTY TREMAIN=

=STATEROOM C21 C DECK CARE EMPRESS SCOTLAND QUEBEC QUE=

=DEAR MUFFIN HOPE YOU ENJOYED FIRST HALF DAY KITTEN

SAD ALREADY I LOVE YOU=

=WILLIAM==



1

Mrs. & Mrs. K. H. Lemaire
5608 Queen Mary Rd.
Hampstead. Ont.
Canada.

VIA AIRMAIL



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO

Aug. 10th. 1955.

Dear Mum & Dad, & folks,

The first call to breakfast has just gone so that our cabin mates have left us. They have the early sittings and we have the late ones. That way is really nice.

Yesterday afternoon inbetween ups & downs to the rail, we did our thank you notes which were put off at Quebec & at Father's point. That rail certainly has a strange fascination & you just want to stare & stare & lean on for ever. - We seem to have pretty much the run of the ship & there are no barriers where we cannot go (just signs) so we scooted all around the ship. - Just after 3 rivers two little speed boats came bumping out to meet us. They waved & we waved as they ran

along beside us. - (They looked awful tiny) & They they went behind & beside us to play in our wash. They bounced up & down & hit the waves going against the waves & then they would turn & ride a crest for a while. - They waited until the Express turned a bend in the river, then got on the inside of it where there was a cross wash & tore through that, bouncing quite madly, sterns out of water bows flying & then dashed for home.

Fire drill, - Every one in May went & up to Muster Station C. very charming dress. - They didn't lower the life boats so I was not really impressed. After that I slept (or rested) for a while. We have a very

talkative cabin mate (the one with all the friends) - and she giggles too. ^{Miss} Isabel Thompson. The other one I'm not sure of the name just yet. We don't see much of either of them as they go ~~to~~ ~~find~~ to early sitting of meals.

Unfortunately mum, we went under the Quebec Bridge during supper last night. - I saw a bit of the bridge as we have a table by the port hole. ~~so~~ (The thing about that which floored me was the waiter coming over & throwing things out the port hole. It is really quite a surprise the first time. - Made me laugh when I thought of some of the waiters from here working in a swanky club ^{as lone} & still throwing things out the window.

Not sure yet but think out

taller men should be great fun
just had a meal with them once
so far.

After dinner we rushed upstairs
to see Quebec. We began to slow
down & our funny little tender
boat ~~can~~ was lying in wait
for us shaped like an oval
birthday cake of four layers.
Sort of squats in the water. She
came over, deposited 11 people
& some mail. Gay & I were
leaving our way over to see
the people getting on & off. Then
got back & discovered a nice
telegram from Bill that had
come on at Quebec. - Earlier got
a nice poetry one from Aunt Kit
& Jeff, from Joan Wright (Doris daughter
from the peeper. Flowers from
Rex & Joy, David, we got a
colossal thing of fruit & roses for
Gay from Bob Faith. & a lovely bunch

from her parents. - Stewardess just called for breakfast.

Just finished our first bath on board. 'tis 7. (our bath time) and as we go for 7.30 dinner that is very good!. Had my first Pims' no 1 today before lunch! very delicious & cost 30¢ not us. Some boy bought us the drink. - Real type. - knows two of the Belvies "loulies" & thinks they are really very 'lovely'.

The ship is beginning to pitch as well as roll now. - we passed Bill's anticosti this afternoon (watched it from deck chairs). Labrador going by now as our dinner call goes by the door. - Lost 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ /- (Bah) this afternoon on the horses.

~~~~~ Sea at this moment.

SATURDAY This is our sleep-in morning.



the stewardess just brought us tea & biscuits. - We are entertaining at 12.30 so we only have to get up then. Thursday Mr & Mrs MacIntosh (J. M.) from Toronto, had ~~tef~~ us up. to the 1<sup>st</sup> class bar for a drink. Janet (their daughter) remembered me from camp. a very pleasant drink & we met the captain up there & he told us that we shouldn't have been there. we thought he was joking & the Alex Hutchisons had asked us up for drinks that night before dinner. we spent most of the afternoon on the bridge. - the captain found us up where we shouldn't be and told us to come up. - He showed us his apt. & the bridge & then left us in <sup>the</sup> charge of the 1<sup>st</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup> mates. They were very good to us & as I said we spent the rest of the afternoon up there. Then we had our baths & off we went to meet the Hutchisons. They met us in the lounge & said how sorry they were but that the captain had been serious! so they were having us to their state room instead for cocktails. - Most enjoyable & we had an even better time than we would have

had in the bar! Mr. Hutch is a dear & we  
got going on Scotch brogues(?) & had a  
grand time. - That too isn't allowed as  
Janie Field's friend (Mrs. Crab) said they weren't  
even allowed to go for a drink to a cabin.  
I guess we were lucky to do it before we  
knew! -

Last night was gala night. - The group in  
tourist are really not much fun for  
us. Mostly Scots going home & old ones at that  
not many young people. Gay & I were walking  
up on deck after dinner & got talking with  
2 engineers. They took us to their cabin &  
we talked in there for a while. Definitely  
against rules after 8 P.M. (This was about 10.30)  
Great fun & they invited us up for drinks  
tonight. Great fun! -

Must rush now as we are entertaining  
the Hutchisons for drinks down here before  
lunch!

We threw a bottle into the sea last night  
with a message in it. - Think will hear  
from them? -

Monday now and we are travelling



the forth of something or other. It was truly wonderful to see land this morning I was up on deck in 3 mins flat. - Quite a scratchy misty day, but with sunny patches. - Can't quite believe it. - Took quite a few snaps & hope they are good. The captain asked us to come up on the bridge going down the Clyde which we accepted & had a grand view. - He even let me blow the bosso - ~~and~~ to say good-bye to the pilot & his tug. - Quite a thrill. - We have been quite gay, had tea with the fourth officer in his cabin yesterday which was very pleasant. - Very nice lad. Thurs. no Friday night we had a hilarious party in one of the Dr's rooms. Just finished med school. Mostly ship's personnel. - The landlubber, 2 secretaries, 1 class nursing gal, gay & 2, 2 med boys. - 4<sup>th</sup> mate, purser & engineer. Lot of beer, lots of cigarettes and 11 of us in a tiny cabin with much noise & laughter. - are slightly sleepless now what with loosing an hour and staying

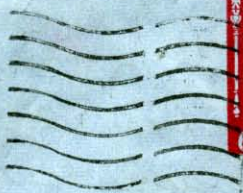
up late however it is such an easy life during the day that we are not really tired. -

Looked for the mammals yaught this morning, but there wasnt a one. Might be because we were quite early as the passage has been so quick & so smooth. - The tender took the Greenland people off about 9.30. and we waved them good-bye. The water was covered with sea gulls, scavengers after our "slops" which seemed to be continuously going out the bowels of the ship. - We don't notice it at all at sea but it certainly is terrible when standing by in the Harbor. Pack this afternoon. Deliver the tips to Steward (a darling) & Stewards. who have both looked after us very well. Catch up on some sleep and try to organize a bit. - We've had a good time on board but I will not be sorry to see Liverpool & get started to London. Will mail this tomorrow. Love to you all - Said to Bill that this was for him too so he will probably be over. - Mary Jayne





(2)



Mrs. & Mrs. K. H. Lemain  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hampstead P.Q.  
Canada

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Sender's name and address:

M. F. Lemain  
Bk of Montreal.  
9 Waterloo Place.  
London - Eng

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Forgot to say I heard from  
Vicky Redstone.

Thanks Mum for your letters.  
Gave me a glimpse of 5008 each  
time - am anxious to hear from  
the 9 Waterloo Place -

Love  
MT



Weeks. 11 Aug-1955.

Rembrandt Hotel.  
London.

Dear Mum, Dad & Folks,

You would laugh if you could see me now. - I am sitting alone in my hotel with a darling Pekinese named Joy (probably spelled in some more exotic way than that) dog-sitting. Just came upstairs having left Jay who is going to the theatre again and found two lovely English ladies in distress listening to poor "Joy" making a hell of a racket down the hall because he was left alone. - They both looked so distressed that I said I would bring him in here with me. I'm repacking a bit so I can send some things to the Curries. - But I should start from the beginning.

Launched yesterday. - Boarded Boat Train - simply fascinated with all the ~~one~~ "chimney pots" as we left Liverpool. It was a lovely day & the English countryside looked beautiful. - I couldn't help but think how well the words of

"They're always in an England" described it. Everything of course is packed so tightly together & people seem to manage to make a lovely garden out of a wee patch of garden like our asparagus patch & with trains going by all day. - Arrived London 2.15 - took a cab, threw things in our room and we were off in a double decker. - Registered at Canada house - Had 'tea' in the charming "Tea Centre" where all the "Bowler Hat Men" meet their "Ladies". Wandered about. Flew back to the Hotel, phoned people, furiously for 2 hours, bathed, changed and were off to the 'Theatre' last night saw a very good play. "Sign at the Gates". By the way the Curries had two lovely corsages waiting here for us! - Talk about special!!! Dind afterwards - Lord the coffee here is absolutely desperate! Don't think I shall ever ever get used to it. (Joy just heard a noise & is raising more ruckus!) This morning we were up bright & early and went to see the "Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace". There was as usual a great crowd. - I wasn't overly impressed as



they seem to march the same as R.H.C.  
do. - Gay is absolutely mad about London.  
She could watch the guards & see two plays  
every day. Tonight is the only night we  
are not going! We met Nore for lunch.  
She is working in a shoe shop just off  
Piccadilly as she cannot get a Physio  
for she wants right at the moment. -  
Then to ~~Canada~~ Bank of Montreal. where  
I found your letter (thank you) one from  
Tommy Stone, - British Driving licence &  
found out about Bank Account. - Met the  
manager & talked with him for ages! -  
Went to ~~the~~ Norway Travel Agency &  
booked tickets for a Fjord trip &  
railway across to Oslo <sup>£12.00</sup> where we are  
staying with friends of Gays. So Sunday  
Bergen - Monday Balestrand (N.E.) Tues.  
Fluorn & Wed. Oslo. - looks like will be  
late for Jane's parents in Copenhagen.  
The currier's chauffeur is picking us up  
for 7.20 P.M. & trucks to have us out for  
the evening. James is coming down from  
Scotland tonight. - we will stay overnight  
Have an appointment at 10. Tomorrow  
at Kings College. - Things are absolutely  
frantic as we have so very much we  
want to do in such a short time. - I love  
to hear from you. Love to all. - M.F.





(6)

Mr. & Mrs. K. H. Jernain  
5608 QUEEN Mary Rd  
Hampstead P.Q.  
Canada

VIA AIRMAIL



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO

Balestrand, Norway.

Aug 23 - 6.30 A.M.

Dear Folks,

6.30 in Balestrand, and I am sitting up in bed in the youth hostle, with the most beautiful day having awakened me. - We arrived yesterday after all day on the boat & decided that we would spend our first night in a youth hostle. Two little norwigeners boys brought us here with another boy - a Parisian - we were jilling along speaking all three. - The hostle is an old school house which looks out over the fjord. - There is snow & glaciers on the surrounding mountains and it is sparkling in the morning sun. The hostle is an abandoned school house which has a school room for the girls down. There is ~~one~~ are two beds on each level, with an aisle going down the centre. - The desks, I suppose are stepped that way. - Windows yellow of course so it makes



sleeping - in rather difficult. and  
such very friendly people in the  
hostels. - one danish fellow. - Pol. - our  
Parisian friend "jack". - jack & jackie - the  
cutest couple. - She is from Scotland - a  
true bonnie wee lass who is expecting  
in about 5-6 months a wee bairn -  
but that just makes the holiday  
that much more fun. - Another adorable  
couple - Ian & Jane - 'he wears kilts'  
and a couple of german girls who  
we haven't met. - They came in very  
late last night. - We had supper here  
Bread & jam milk & Tea - and walked  
into town to change our Travellers  
cheques. - at the most expensive hotel  
in Norway. -

Aug 27<sup>th</sup> Saturday.

It is so many days later, and  
such a great distance that I hardly  
know where to begin. - Except that  
you would truly laugh at us if  
you could see us now. - I shall  
start back in Balestrand. That

was Tuesday. That day we looked up  
at Dr & his wife - (we did that Mon.  
night) & they gave us dandy-lion wine.  
They gave us their row boat so we  
spent the morning rowing about the fjords  
on a beautiful day with our friend  
Jacques. qui parle seulement le française  
after that we went to dinner at the Martins  
(Drs') at 3 P.M. - we ate till 5.00 a most  
wonderful dinner and they took us to the  
boat. - They were awfully nice people  
and they were very good to us.

At 5.30 P.M we caught the boat - another  
one, smaller, and took a most wonderful  
evening trip right into the base of the  
fjord, with the mountains rising steeply  
on each side and the sun setting behind  
us. we met some nice people - Mr & Mrs.  
Goodman, - from Texas. - very typical  
and terribly nice - about your age. They  
seemed to take a liking to us & bought  
us two meals later on. Marvellous  
people & even wanted us to come &  
use their bath in the hotel in Flåm



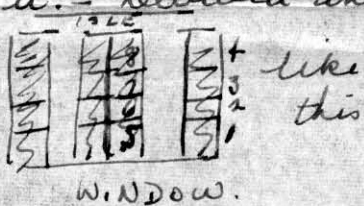
at the moment we haven't had a bath  
for a week and are just waiting for  
one. - Grubby Grubby as can be. - Flinn  
and the early morning train ride the  
next morning are undscribable. - The  
train starts out climbing to the highest  
snow covered peaks in Norway, and  
up at the top, there are snow patches to  
be seen everywhere, - Of course as the  
train winds along the side of the mountain  
you look down into a beautiful green  
valley with a clear clear greeny river  
rushing over the rocks & stones. The  
water falls are lovely. - Mum, you & I  
could spend weeks there just watching  
the water. - From there we went with  
the ~~new~~ Goodmans. to Oslo, where  
we were met by Bill Baker and his uncle  
Mr Neumann. - We stayed Wed & Thursday  
with them in their 250 yr old house. - It  
was just darling, with its old furniture  
and paintings and they even have a ghost.  
We spent one day touring Oslo and  
seeing all the things that we should

~~have~~ have seen, and the next day, ~~Thursday~~ Friday, we sat on one of the beaches which was an experience in itself. - There are no changing houses for bathing and everyone stands or sits quite openly on the rocks (no sand) and with a series of perfected wiggles and contortions - they emerge from their tent of clothing, in their bathing suits. - They change back the same way. - It is quite amazing and quite fun to do, especially if you are pretending that you have done it all your life, and that there is nothing unusual. - All goes well until you find your undies on back wards. -

The Norwegians are very nice and all understand some English which makes it easier. - They hate Germans beyond descriptions. - Even their mouths tighten when they speak of them. They dislike the Swedes for not being in the war, and they seem to love Canadians. The children are beautiful and polite & quite spoiled. - I liked the country side & smaller places better than Oslo. - I could wander



in the mountains for weeks. Then last night Fri, we caught the night train for Stockholm where we are now. - We couldn't get berths, but the Neumanis said that the chairs were singles, like our parlor cars so we decided to sleep sitting up. - Well! The car we were in had 72 seats in it. - Divided into compartments of 16. -



There wasn't even glass between the rights to rest your head against. Gay was in 1 - I was in 5. - we were with 3 American boys on leave - in 3, 4 & 8. Fortunately one left and the four of us took turns curling up all night. Next door, there was an exotic looking red-head with green eyes & fashion plus. One woman, two children and a kitten. all Swedish. - A most unhappy kitten as the little girl was continually putting <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>kit</sup> to bed under her little hanky which kitty objected to & would leap over into our laps. Customs, immigration

passports - various night stops and the  
bath room right next door made it a  
very lively night. - I took my turn sleeping  
from 3.30 to 6.30 - which, when you consider  
St. Andrews Ball, isn't bad at all. Morning  
came, and we were helped off the train  
by Mal and Ray. (bless them) and we  
had cakes & ham sandwiches for break-  
fast in the Buffet in the Station. - Our  
little book tells us NEVER come into  
Stockholm with our previous reservations,  
but we knew better! - So at the moment.  
1.15 P.M., we are all (3 boys & 2 girls) in  
one tiny room in a suburb apt.  
having our first bath for a week. - It  
is the system of being put up by a  
family, and as the Trades Fair is going  
on at the moment, ~~the~~ hotels are just  
not mentioned unless you want some  
one to laugh at you. - Gay and I will  
be shown to our "home" at 5.00 o'clock  
tonight so we must dash now so  
that we can see some sights - It is  
all great fun - Don't worry - It's fabulous  
love M.F.



Tell Aunt Eue I have sent  
one Norwegian Doll but  
she won't arrive for 6 weeks

Gay sends love

mg.



(8)

Mr & Mrs. K. H. Lermain.  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hampstead. Montreal  
Que. Canada.

had  
Tapi  
plate



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO



Aug. 29<sup>th</sup> - 85.

Hi All,

Kopenhagen

I think that the last place I left you, I was sitting on the floor in a strange apt. in Stockholm. After we left there, we went into town & got some opera tickets, & dashed to a bus tour of city. We ran into 2 boys (Terribly English types who wear bowler & umbrellas in London). We had met them on the Leda at first. - They had been stuck with the hotel problem too, but instead of our way out, they were at the most expensive <sup>hotel</sup> of the lot. Allister MacLean and John Thornton. - They asked us to come to the hotel for a drink, before the opera, & we found we ~~go~~ could get tickets for them too at opera. - We took a rushed ~~last~~ bus tour of city (horrible woman guide who was not really interested) then home feeling like the wrath of God, after our train trip the night before. We were able to move into our own quarters, - an apt another mile away, with a very nice ~~young~~ young woman and her young son. - She couldn't

speak a word of English. - she gave us her living room, and in which was a continental bed. - very comfortable, and very good of her. - We prepared as best we could, and off to the 'Grand' hotel where we mixed ~~the~~ with the black ties & tails, having<sup>2</sup> whisky sour, out on the patio sort of thing, watching Stockholm go by. - Then a lazy stroll to the opera - only 2 blocks away, facing the Kings palace, and to the OPERA. - We had understood it was Orpheus in the Underworld but at the last minute it had been changed & we had no idea what it was. We felt rather small about it as it was. as who recommended it to John & Alistair. Quite unusual - in Swedish, and the opera house, although it was large & beautiful, was barely filled, being mid summer on a Sat night. - It was terribly disappointing to see how empty it was. - as the crowds are always half the full. After the opera - John and Alistair took us to a terribly poor "restaurant Riche" for dinner, - drinks, steaks and the works, - we were truly



royally entertained.<sup>3</sup> They have their own car  
and so drove us home afterwards. - Then  
we arranged for them to stay for two  
nights more at the first home, as they said  
the 'Grand Hotel' was a little much. Evidently  
there was <sup>almost</sup> room for both of them to sleep in  
the bathroom.

Sunday, slept in till 9. - Had a lovely  
breakfast in our rooms, from this woman  
and went to see a Hospital in Stockholm  
the Newest & Best and I am afraid it puts  
our new General to shame, - It is about  
three times bigger, and has two things  
most interesting about it. - It is 8 or 9 floors  
high, but is built the same distance ~~into~~  
the ground, in case of Atom bombs, with  
each floor having a corresponding floor  
underneath - 16 floors in all. - The other  
thing is that they use scooters in the Halls  
as they are so long - everyone does, and  
we think it's a good idea for home. -  
Can't you just see Herman on one!

Sun. aft. we took a boat trip under  
the bridges, which was very pretty &

gave you an idea<sup>4</sup> how Stockholm was built. - 42 bridges I think in the whole City. - We went to Church in the evening 8.00 mass, which was up a tiny cobbled stone streets. and just another building off the streets. Low mass, but hymns were sung - like the black protestants - and the congregation said all the responses. - Very nice. - Flew to house, packed, off to train, found our car, & berth, and I was out cold in 5 mins. Wakened at 6.50 and into another car, - went to Malmo, where we took the ferry to Copenhagen and are now. - Spent at least <sup>5</sup> Ten 'öre's (that's what you use instead of dime) to telephone here & finally got through that we were expected. - Dashed here & were greeted by the best looking soldiers you have ever seen. - Really, ~~they~~ each one you turn to is better looking than the last. Mrs. Freischleben was out & the Col was busy, so they looked after us. Unfortunately we haven't seen them since. - (soldiers that is).



Thursday. Aug 1.

Such a lovely time we are having here. we found our letters, boy its nice to get them, and hope you are off the cushion by now mum. - The Friislebers have been so very very good to us and begged us to stay so we are here for 5 days. - longest yet, and it is nice to get down to a few household jobs. This family is every like our own at home and Mrs. is like you Mum just in the way things are done etc. - Its funny to think that we are hundreds of miles from home and yet family life can be so very similar. - a girl comes in to help her in the morning, there are cocktails at 7.00 before dinner, and the same way of eating. - lists for the girl who comes in, what to do every day, and when Daddys away we eat in kitchen or on our laps. - Quite fun.

The first day we went out for lunch, and looked through the shops. - I know it is terrible, but I seem to be such a scatchman, that I can't bring myself to buy anything. - I think I must today.

That night we had cocktails with Col. (or  
uncle Ernest) dinner, much talk, inspection  
of officers mess & barracks - much Danish  
history vs. Swedes, and then to bed. The  
next day we went thru the castle on the  
post card, - had lunch outside on the  
patio of the prettiest restaurant, then we  
rented bikes and pedaled off to see "the  
little mermaid" - she is quite something.  
Gosh I hope my pictures turn out. Sue  
came home, and had tickets to the circus.  
Best seats possible, - just like a stage only  
3 sides open, - one ring and a thousand  
good acts, - all in Danish, but it is amazing  
how little one needs to know in a country  
to get by. we met Une. E. after, and he  
took us to the Tivoli (København's Belmont  
Park, only 3x bigger & 1x more high class).  
There we had shrimp at the main  
restaurant. - Tivoli is a place not to be  
missed. - Yesterday more bikes, got our  
tickets to fly to Hamburg - one hour - on  
Friday. - Gay & I split, - she went shopping  
& I went to see Tivoli by day light. It



wasn't really opened yet, but it was  
rewarding to see. Then I went to the  
botanical gardens, where everything is  
pretty well burned to bits by the rain  
and then home to here, lunch with the  
royal guards playing a band concert  
right outside our window. - Then Mrs. F  
put us on a sub-way to be met at the  
other end by Diane (Tom's cousin) she  
was going to take us out sailing. She  
~~with~~ was with a tall pear-shaped Patrick  
whose father was South African & mother  
Indian (not our kind). They were good  
fun, but the whole thing rather fizzled  
as there was no wind, we had not taken  
~~swimsuits~~ bathing costumes and a great  
thunder storm came up. So we sat in  
the cabin drinking Fizzie - first cousin to  
our soda pop. - and eating more pastries.  
It just kills me to see my whole  
years work of calorie count go out  
the window on these damn delicious  
slavish pastries. - Even my blacks are

beginning to fit me again. - we came home, bathed, washed, washed hair & had a kitchen supper as Mac. E. wasn't here. - He was out on some surprise army maneuvers. - By the way, the Danish Guards don't stand up to R.M.C. by a long shot! I went to bed at 8.30 which I have been longing to do for ages & was asleep at 8.31. Gay thinks I am quite mad, and she likes to sleep in in the morning. we do waste time that way, but it gives lots of little snatchy times for letter writing.

Food in Denmark - divine. - people are the best yet. - more fun than Norwegian less stuffy than Swedish, but I should still like to go back to Norway. - With all this open-air living the hair is getting blonder and the face tanned & red. Am really a different girl than when I left Montreal. Tonight we are having a party of some sort with Jovis brother. - His wife can't



come as they don't have baby  
sitters here. Not sure what we are  
going to do. - Tomorrow Fly. - and  
then the car. - Can't wait. - In  
Germany, we are going to start  
saving money by cooking our own  
food & youth hostling. - So far I  
have \$650 left, - which will certainly  
go farther with no transportation  
expenses. - DON'T worry about car  
cost, will write you full details  
when we find out. - Can't wait.

Gay is up now, and I keep  
writing snatches in between plums  
& grapefruit, eggs & ketchup and  
quite ordinary everyday things. -  
we haven't planned today as yet  
which is just about the best way  
to waste time I know of. Bye  
for now -

Love. M.F.

How about a letter from some of  
the men folk in the family -

Saturday Sept 3.

Joanys wedding day. - Do you think you could save the pictures for me.

We spent Thursday visiting a Danish Museum, which had some excellent Fr. Art. Then to lunch at a darling little spot (I have sent The Mathewsons the menu) and then to a Danish bath - Steam, dry heat and massage! which found me very critical. - It was good fun. Then we had our party - Mr & Mrs. & Carlere (said Cal-eric) ~~then~~ he is Loves brother and what a good-looking - thoroughly nice boy. - We were disappointed that his wife couldn't come, but there are no baby sitters. We went again to Livali, - more shrimps more candy sugar and then to bed. - Up early flew to Hamburg. Rather disappointing as it was our first, dull cloudy day. - and then horrors horrors, our car is not here. so we have had a very city-tramping 24 hours, - First to Bank, then to car place, something to eat, Back to car place, wander & finally to youth hostel. - It is a colossal



place with room enough for 400 youths! we were in our flying clothes which had to be fairly decent, and we felt like millionaires, arriving here, with suitcases! we feel horrible with them in hostels and try to change into our dirtiest rags as soon as we ~~leave~~ come. Now we are stuck here for the week-end. It is unfortunate that Montreal did not send the money, but a wire is in & we have done everything possible. Gay is very low. - but we are going to make the best of it, and blow ourselves to a trip to Berlin. We have decided we can afford it, and it's better than stewing here. We did ask if that was dangerous & everyone just laughs at us. Not a bit evidently we will come back Monday (5<sup>th</sup>) and then off to Bonn. Gay doesn't want her parents to know she has been

to Berlin OK? - OK! - These youth hostels are ridiculously cheap 20¢ a night & about the same for an evening meal. - Last night we had soup, which turned out to be Tapioca (sp) pudding! and such a plate full. - Bigger than our soup. - It is amazing how little you need to really trip! and we have sworn at these suitcases a hundred times. - Of course you learn by experience and next time I'll know better. These German hostels are filled with real youngsters, as the Germans themselves are not allowed to use them after the age of 21. You find them here up from the age of 10. - Not nearly as nice as Norway. - Guess we shall blow to a hotel in Berlin. - Don't worry, - we will never forget it my love to all - a Volkswagon takes only 4 hours. to make - Imagine that! wish they would get started on ours.

love M.T.



99

10

Mr. & Mrs. K. H. Tremaine  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hamptstead. Montreal  
P. Que Canada.

VIA AIRMAIL ★ PAR AVION ★ CORREO AEREO

Wolfsburg.

Dear Everybody,

Germany. Sept 6<sup>th</sup>

Such a lazy day we are having. It is rainy, cold and wet outside, and we have spent nearly the entire day in this cosiest of pensions. - But I must go back to where I last wrote to you. - We were on our way to Berlin. - Without a doubt one of the most educational times of the trip. We had a grand flight, and were invited into the cockpit by the ~~pilot~~ Captain. We had a grand view of the city coming in and it was the same way on Monday when we left. We stayed at a pension there which was a lovely old home, made over. The thing which struck us first was the utter ruin and destruction which was so evident still. - We could not imagine anything like it. People are still living in houses which have the upstairs rooms exposed. - using the bottom floors. Gay went to the opera the first night & we met afterwards for dinner. - It was really quite 'Eric' walking about Berlin



alone on the way to meet her. - Especially  
 when I thought I was lost! - I could  
 imagine walking into the wrong sector any  
 minute and being surrounded by Russians  
 and being packed off to salt mines. However  
 I found my way, met gay, and after  
 my scary walk, decide something special  
 was in order. So off to 'Maison de Paris'  
 which the pilot had recommended for two  
 innocent and charming young ladies. It  
 was most pleasant, and the Berliners are  
 a most fashionable and chic lot - West  
 Berliners that is. - We even had red wine  
 with dinner - and walked back along  
 the "Park Ave", where people stroll on a  
 sat. night until all hours. - Next day we  
 had a lot to cover, and really got  
 ourselves organized - First thing, to church.  
 where we got ourselves mixed up in  
 some 'youth mass' - where a priest  
 spent the sermon time rushing up and  
 down the centre aisle, shouting madly  
 asking questions of the children who all

waved their arms and snapped their  
 fingers madly when they knew the answers.  
 More hymns, and then it was over. - We are  
 still not sure what it was, - but it was  
 crowded as can be, and all the old ladies  
 and mothers and aunts & uncles had to stand  
 about, as the children, it seems - (age 6 to  
 20) have priority on the seats. We dashed  
 out of there, breakfasted, and off to the  
 music hall to get symphonie tickets, then  
 to the main square, with a bombed out  
 church in the middle. - The walls still  
 had beautiful colored tile work on them  
 and <sup>in</sup> the rubble in the centre of church  
 were millions of tiny bits of colored tiles  
 from the floors & walls. - I picked up some  
 pieces, - as the colors are so lovely & I hope  
 I can have a bracelet made of them. I  
 truly felt like a plunderer, and all  
 day, I felt guilty as can be taking  
 pictures of all those ruins. 25 photos in  
 one day in Berlin! WOW. - Then on past  
 the zoo, where the animals there are



still living in temporary half bombed  
quarters, - and to the Victory Tower, which  
looks down the grand avenue to the  
Gates of the East Sector. - Nothing would  
suffice until ~~we~~ we had run up  
285 steps to the top, dashed a look  
about us - ran down (time was short  
and I got a charlie horse in each leg  
oh pain!) ran back to the first square  
and lept into a bus which was a  
tour of the East Sector. - collapsed in a  
heap of perspiration (gorgeous day & sun  
topped bus) and started off. - passed the  
Gates with a wave at the Russians &  
into the forbidden territory. - you felt  
so safe inside the bus, and even  
believed the air was different inside the  
bus. The sector is ~~not~~ just as large  
in area as the west but has half the  
population. People looked poorly dressed  
as well they might! There is still  
rationing of food and clothing, and  
although the prices are the same, their  
marks are only 5-1 with the West.

most of the stores<sup>s</sup> that were rebuilt  
(and for every one up, there are two in  
rubble beside it) have the sign HO on  
them. That means "the peoples stores"  
where the gov. runs them, which  
practically finishes personal initiative.  
There is no use for them to compete.  
There was no need for us to be as  
apprehensive as we were, as the gates  
are open and people wander back  
and forth quite freely. I just wouldn't  
like to try it, but some tourists  
that we met that day had done so.  
The new buildings and constructions  
~~to~~ in both sides are very imposing  
new and modern architecture everywhere  
and most evident of course as so much  
else is smashed. In the Eastern Sector  
all the grand new and imposing  
structures are for the Soviet - Stalins  
Statue, Games Arena, Soviet Embassy  
etc. where as in the West you see  
Dept. stores, hotels restaurants, and  
~~more~~ ~~large~~ concert halls, universities



etc. so much is smashed. - 40% completely  
and 80% damaged. Phenomenal for one  
such as myself who couldn't ever  
conceive the idea of so much damage.  
The main street in the East has two  
rows of apts, and from the balconies  
of just about every house was the  
red flag blowing. There were hundreds  
of red flags and german flag blowing  
in that sector. The tour took us to  
the cemetery of the Russian Soldiers  
from the "Battle of Berlin." an immense  
gardened area, with great stone  
statues lining the way beside the  
5 great sections, where in are buried  
3000 russian soldiers and 4 "heros"  
They get a special place! but the  
pictures will tell about that. We  
got out of the bus for 1/2 hour, on  
"Red Soil" and wandered about, in  
and out of russian soldiers who  
were, as we were sight seeing! Great  
bus loads of them. - Great Fun.  
Needless to say, we stuck close to-

gether. It was a truly beautiful day  
too. - Back to the bus station. Coffee  
in a Berlin sidewalk cafe - which  
is very much the thing to do, and  
back to rooms, baths,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr feet up.  
Bus to other side of town where we  
had our dinner in Berlins Tour Effel  
Sent you the p. card. Then to the  
symphonie an an amazing new  
hall, which was fantastic. The face  
of the building is nearly all glass,  
and ~~the to~~ from the hall, which  
runs across the front of the building  
you see down onto the street. Inside  
they have the latest thing for  
acoustics. - a ceiling in sections  
which domes, over and can be  
raised or lowered. Very good concert  
and afterwards were invited by a  
charming American couple - ~~after~~ about  
40 yrs old to have coffee (again) on  
the sidewalk on Kurfursterdamm  
Strasse (The Park Ave I mentioned  
before.) They were awfully nice



be a Camper & Teacher. Back to hotel  
where we were asleep before we knew  
it. - up early - into the Shops, and then  
to our flight back to Hamburg. - Definitely  
not enough time in Berlin! - More  
bitter disappointment when back to  
car place as no car! and nothing  
we could do. - Hamburg most dull and  
they suggested we come out here to the  
Factory in the city of Wolfburg. - and  
here we are. - It will save us time  
when we do get the damn car as  
this is nearer Bonn. Jay's mood was  
one of Black Despondency, and our train  
trip down here matched it beautifully.  
3 Black and dirty trains. - To begin with  
we had our page of directions where  
to change & train times etc, and we  
kept showing it to various intelligent  
looking people who all muttered to  
themselves or their friends or to us in  
German & pointed in various directions  
I got us on the wrong train to begin

with. - It was OK tho' and got us to the first station with an hour & 1/2 to spare. Gay still Black as mood could be, but we wandered about the town, found a Dammer Laillette, and back to the second train - 2 cars with wooden seats where we sat and munched 2 rolls each, which we had stolen from the Breakfast table. - Dry & Hard. - Gay Blacker still. - an hour & 1/2 on that train. - we did pass thru quiet pretty country side which looked very much like the picture of the Angelus - I was sort of half expecting it to ring & see the people bowing their heads. - Dark by now and another change - a running one this time as our train was late, ~~and finally onto our last train~~, down some stairs onto a platform drop suitcases, show paper, shouted at in German, pick up suitcases, run down stairs, up more, another platform, show paper, pick up suitcases



leave our train, jump on and finally on to Wolfsburg. - I shall continue later as the lady here just came and said we must up now if you go for dinner, - which is what we are going to do. - Till later!

Next day

I guess we had just gotten off the train in Wolfsburg! - Well! We were told by W people in Hamburg that Mr. Van der Weese would meet us here. - He had made hotel accomodation for us. - He didn't turn up so we found our way to our pension, and were eating some dinner in a quaint little place below, when this tall good-looking gent arrived and announced that he was Mr. Van der Weese. - young - 26 and polite and charming. He asked us if we would like to go to see the sights & night-life in B not far from here. We accepted (he looked very nice) and we were off. Evidently Wolfsburg's night life is nil. - He showed us as much as possible from night views & then into

a quaint little bar, dance place where  
he ordered Champagne! no less. Then  
in came some friends of his, - by chance  
all people from Volkswagen Co. - 3  
men - one woman, and we were  
just as gay as can be. Europeans love  
to dance! - and dance well to. We  
were ~~of~~ ~~the~~ Royally looked after and  
2 bottles of champagne later & 2 bottles  
of wine and 4.45 A.M. home we came  
we didn't sleep until about 5.30 -  
Gay washed her hair, and we  
watched it get light outside. - Such  
fun. - I was awake at 8. next  
morning and couldn't sleep any  
more so read until Gay arose.  
She had quite a 'head' and didn't  
think she could face lunch at VW  
but as it was on the co. we decided  
to. Get (that's Von Duttense) picked us up.  
Toured us round about, and then  
took us to lunch, the works plus  
more wine. - We saw some of the factory  
and such a colossal place. - Hate



<sup>12</sup>  
I think of how many people work  
there. - 12 thousand I think. After that  
Geb brought us home, where we spend  
yesterday aft. & evening. - He picked us  
up that night. - again. - The dear gangly  
boy seems to have fallen for me, and  
gave us presents yesterday - a traveling  
clock each! and to me he gave a rhine  
stone out of the millionth Volkswagen -  
Really! Anyway, out to dinner, and then  
we were invited, through Geb, to go  
to a party at some ones home. - This some  
one turned out to be an Earl. - or its  
equivalent in German. - and before Hitler  
came to take over Wolfsburg for this  
factory, he owned the castle here and  
all the land. - They had to give up their  
castle - that was in 1942 - and they went  
and built a new one in ~~the~~ East  
Germany, which now too has been  
taken away from them. Geb's parents  
too were of some title and he showed  
us pictures of their estate in East Germany.  
That too was a colossal palace with

100 acres. - Something that you might see in travel posters! - Anyway, off to the Carlo place. A lovely home, where we were ushered into a big comfortable living room and introduced. - The Earl who was a large fat man who could only say "Hello - you are very beautiful" in English - Then he disappeared, - His eldest son - (Wow) Varren - blond & good looking (26) His daughter who was simply beautiful, (27) and her husband - (28?) who was an absolute character! and never stopped acting the fool. - There was no language difficulty there! all you had to do was watch him & you were in convulsions! Another younger brother whose 18<sup>th</sup> birthday came at midnight and Herr Von du Tensee, Gerts' father. We had a grand time and drank simply gallons of 50%50 Champagne & white wine mixed in a gorgeous big glass jug which was never empty. It took roughly 3 mins for everyone



to get comfortable, and young brother played Louis Armstrong music on ~~the~~ the gram. - we rolled up the rugs in a corner of the room, and danced & danced & danced. Such fun. You couldn't sit down for  $\frac{1}{2}$  a second before some one else was on his feet in front of you demanding 'the pleasure'. It was such fun, and then midnight came, and more celebrations for birthday, and another brew mixed. and can they dance. - Even younger brother could teach Arthur Murray a thing or six, and he was dancing with us just as much as any. - We each had a lift home. Me with Gel and Gay with Warren. - It seems to be the custom to 'park' on the way home - but both of us managed in our separated ways to keep the cars on the way, and arrived home about 2.30. - And boy did I sleep. - We were awakened this morning at 10. by a phone call from

15 where they said our car was. - more negotiations, and at 11. AM we were called for by Warren, Sister & Brother in law, so that they could show us their old castle. - and the country side. An immense castle with moats, grown in, secret passages, and gardens. - Really lovely but simply packed into aptos. now for refugees from the East Germany who are working at Volkswagon Co. It really must break their hearts to see it. Then to W Co. again for lunch more negotiations about that damn car and then I came home to sleep. - and decided I wasn't going to and am writing to you instead. - Gay is over at the factory on a sit down strike until they Telephone Montreal! Such a business

WORD has just come that we have our car - Hoo Ray - we leave tomorrow first thing and will be in Bonn tomorrow night. Thank goodness. -

Cheers & Beers -  
more champagne - we are going to the Russian Border now



I guess we will be about 4  
days late on our schedule. We  
hope to make up time in Russia  
being as how I'm going back  
in the winter, and some in  
France - Lord are we having  
fun here! - The land lady is  
such fun, and she & 4 boys last  
night left our room in an  
absolute shambles as we didn't  
come in in time for a party. - We  
found them out & ended the  
evening drinking coffee at 2.00 AM  
with 2 of the best looking things  
that you ever saw! Wow. What  
great hunks of men. - They asked us  
to stay tonight (They offered to pay  
our room!) but we decided that was  
no! - and we are pushing off now.  
We hate to leave every where. That's  
the only trouble with this trip  
lots of love  
Mary Taylor.

16

the Kinkels are go

is happening to

b

(11)

Mr & Mrs. K. H. Tremain  
568 Queen Mary Rd.  
Hampstead.  
Montreal  
P.Q.  
Canada.

VIA AIRMAIL



PAR AVION



CORREO AEREO



Austria - Lech.

Sept. 14. Wed.

Hi to all at 5608.

This should be the best letter yet as it is the first one that I've had a table to write on instead of my knees or bed. We are at the moment in the most heavenly little Austrian room, in the corner of the Hotel, with windows looking in two directions on lovely mountains. It is early in the morning, and Gay sleeps on. - but here comes the saddest tale of all, - the weather. It has been cloudy and dark, ever since that gorgeous day in Berlin. We met some people yesterday, who said they were leaving Austria because of the weather. - This morning it is raining. It's the first rain we've had but all through Switz. You just couldn't see the mountains, so they were covered in ~~snow~~ cloud. It is truly a pity.

I guess I was at Mother Flotemane the last time I wrote. Well we got our car on Thursday - 8<sup>th</sup> and set off

for Bonn, where we were going to look up the Mathewsons. Mather Flattman packed us a lunch, Geb came with us to the highway, just so we would get going in the right direction, and off we went. That day was rather fun. - New V.W.'s don't have to be broken in, and ours was hot off the assembly line. We got on the Autobahn, and were tearing along at 80. before we knew it. - and that's slow for those wonderful German Autobahns. we decided to lunch at a P. spot (Parking spots which are arranged along the way, and just as we were finishing our dessert and coffee, a German boy rode up leisurely on his bike, and started what seemed to be a fairly harmless conversation. We nodded & shook our heads & didn't "sprechen ~~se~~ <sup>Deutsch</sup> ~~English~~" but that didn't seem to deter him. He stood calmly with his bike & pointed to us, & up on the hill, which looked like a open granite



pit. we still didn't understand until  
he made like an A. Bomb mushroom,  
and practically put us in the car &  
pushed us off. Sure enough as we  
pulled over for gas at the next  
station, there was a grand explosion  
in the mine.

Shen off once more, and we had our  
afternoon break, with some Can.  
soldiers that we flagged at along the  
way. They were 3, rather peculiar  
types, but very glad to see Can.  
girls. We met at the "windmill" and  
had a coke. They bought us loads of  
chocolate bars for the car & gave  
me five pks of Can. cigs. - Damn nice  
of them we thought. On to Bonn, where  
~~we~~ we phoned art Mathewson, really  
just to say hello, but his wife &  
family weren't there and we stayed  
overnight with him & he lunched us  
the next day. at a very typical  
German Pub. - lots of fun. we left  
Bonn Friday, and decided even tho-

we were a week<sup>4</sup> behind schedual, we  
couldn't miss the Rhine-land by dash-  
ing along the Auto Bahn to Switz. So  
we set up the Rhine on the west bank.  
That too, we were very glad we had  
done, as it is so very typical. - The say-  
ing was "There's wine in them thar  
hills" and there certainly was, - wine  
and castles and hundreds of boats  
chugging up and down, and foul  
amounts of traffic & large trucks.  
We stayed Friday night in a guest  
house pub effort over-looking the Rhine  
and on the opposite bank, was more  
gardens with grapes etc and a great  
castle over looking the rocks. Very  
splendid but still no sunshine. Stayed  
near St. Goar, if you can find that  
on a map. The next day we walked  
up on the side of the river, thru a  
garden, before breakfast. - quite fun  
and then we had our breakfast &  
off we went. These pension prices are  
ridiculously low, and all our good



5.

intentions of youth looting have sort of fallen through. - We really are not equipped to stay there in the first place - 2) we can never find the dark things & 3) they don't have people with cars. - We do miss meeting young people that way, but perhaps we will stay in some more later on. - Saturday, now Rhine valley, and we could have kicked ourselves for not going about 10 K.M. farther that night as in the following town they were having their wine festival. The town was draped in flags and banners & every thing looks like such fun, however we missed it & that is that. That & not looking up Jimmy Thornton in Berlin are my two sad things about Germany. We spent lunch time in Heidelberg, ate at a student's restaurant, saw a great castle, and again ran into that nice American couple that we met on the Songfjord in Norway. - Unfortunatly we lost them again and we

pushed on to the Black Forest area.  
We passed through wonderful country  
& we planned to spend the night in  
the Y. Host. in Baden Baden. - Spent 1 hr  
trying to find the damn place & when  
we arrived, they wouldn't have us  
because of the car. - We left and  
headed south to a tiny village which  
looked very typical. - We saw a tiny  
pub, with barn etc and asked  
how much - 7 marks - about 1.75 for  
both over night, so we said OK  
& drove in. - Remember this is Sat  
night. - We were quite tired & went  
down stairs for some coffee, before  
we went to bed. - All the stairs in  
the place were worn and tilted &  
so were the floors. Our room was  
very large, - no hot water of course  
but comfy straw mattress & there  
was a wooden bed (my spelling is  
hopeless I know). We had a great  
tumbler of red wine, which we  
sat & sipped in a corner and



watched all the people come in &  
start their Sat. night activities. We  
were very talkative after our wine &  
talked on & on. - It went right to my  
head, & didn't seem to have any effect  
on Gay. Of course I was sleepy & so  
we went upstairs to bed. - Right over  
the pub room. - I went out like a  
light & then the singing started. -  
All the men down stairs, and the busy  
bar maid, - a sweet looking thing. 15  
yrs old and I guess all the men  
brought their dogs & parked them  
outside, but such a night. It was  
something that we never would have  
heard if we had stayed at a very  
grand place, but millions of songs.  
Then they would shout answers in  
songs & answer & shout quicker &  
quicker until all those damn dogs  
started barking & howling, and then  
everything would be quiet for 5  
minutes, until the next song started.  
Gay & I were quite hilarious & only

wished we could be seeing it all. - I have no idea how long it went on for but the next thing we heard were roosters. - and they let us know morning had come. Every one was sound - & when we got up, but that poor sweet bar-maid was rounded out of bed by her mother & fixed us breakfast. - Lots of it so we made some sandwiches & filled our thermos and set off. - More black forest & towns, and we headed for a tiny village of Titesee. Art had recommended it. We went to church here - (Gay is wonderful & comes all the time) and drove around the lake, where we sat by the water & ate our sandwiches. It was a camping spot of sorts, and right on the side of a small mt. Four boys were practising with their brass instruments, blowing from the top of a hill, into the clear air. - So we sat & listened to the strains of

Santa Lucia & other folk songs. I guess they were just brushing up or having fun, but anyway it sounded wonderful. After lunch we drove into Aully. and to Zurich we phoned the P's & no one home. Went up their and heard a dog in the house, so knew they would be back. - Then we spent 2 hours trying to find the youth hostel. - address in hand. - and couldn't so drove down by the lake side into a lesser exp. hotel where we stayed two nights. Changed, went to a "Fielding suggested" restaurant for a wonderful meal. & phoned. - Aunty Ellen was the only one home, and asked us for lunch the next day with Phil. brother Henry. who is quite different from <sup>than?</sup> Philip. we drove around Zurich that night & home to bed. - Next day we were off to a finicula near by where we had a quick trip up & down &



where we had a grand view of  
 Zurich & mountains & lakes. - But  
 now it is getting cold. - even the  
 natives said so. - we dashed down  
 for lunch, and had a delicious  
 one. - They apologised for it as they  
 only have one maid, however we  
 decided that lunch was OK anyway!  
 After that Henry drove us in his beautiful  
 new Fiat - to Lucerne, where we sight-  
 saw, and had a lemonade by the  
 water, and then headed home on a  
 lovely drive, thru mountains & by the  
 lakes. - Still clouds covering the mountains.  
 Even at that it was very majestic &  
 splendid. at one spot, the sun was  
 setting beyond a mountain, and  
 the shape of the mountain was just  
 outlined in red billowing clouds which  
 looked like a forest fire, and the trees  
 were each silhouetted black against  
 this fiery red billowing cloudy mass.  
 It was very beautiful. - That night

Aunt Ellen & Henry took us out for dinner at another quaint little restaurant. - Look A. E. Home & Henry took us to a bar for a drink & then home to bed. - He was a terrible cynic but we enjoyed ourselves & he was very good to us.

Yesterday we had a late start, and drove to Liechtenstein, a tiny country which I had never heard about. - Still cloudy, with occasional sunny spots along the way. At Liechtenstein we headed up a mountaine road, and ate our lunch overlooking a very green mountain side & valley. - Found out that we were looking at the Rhine! We were almost in the clouds. and it was very cold. Back down, and on our way through to Austria. - Customs a cinch and then later on we were stopped by 2 policemen who began to measure our tires & look the car over from top to bottom. Boy that horrible feeling

in the pit of the stomach! - No English  
and we ~~also~~ Trenched & found out  
that a hit & run driver was being  
looked for. - There is nothing like the  
old international smile, so ~~to~~ we told  
them we had done it, and they let  
us go with a great big grin! - Past  
Bludenz, we were in the clouds &  
our drive thru the Alboung Pass was  
with head lights on & ghostly-figures  
coming out of the fog. It was really a  
pity. Then we came out of the clouds  
into a tiny village of Lech, we found  
ourselves a lovely place for the ridicu-  
lous price of £2.00 a night for both of  
us, and its like a first class hotel  
up north! So we have decided to  
stay two nights here in the hopes  
that the weather will clear & we  
will go back to the Pass & head to  
Innsbruck. - We walked on the  
mountain side last night - came in  
had hot soup with delicious cheese  
& a hard egg floating in it, & went



to bed. - This morning Gay has tummy  
cramps & spent quite a bad night  
as I lay down away, so she is  
breakfasting in bed! I just came  
back from breakfast. - Delicious  
rolls & coffee au lait! We have  
been saving a great deal of money  
by buying our own wrap sack & food  
for lunches & breakfasts, and we  
have a good hot meal now & again  
cheese & rolls, tomatoes & fruit &  
Kessape is the sustaining foods. Boy  
those rolls are good, and they are  
beginning to show round the  
middle! Horrors!

From now it's Innsbruck, Salzburg  
& Vienna (Wien) you will probably  
get this on Monday and Tuesday is  
your big day. I think you know  
how sorry I am not to be there.  
We all are. But we shall be thinking  
about you, and you can think that  
you have one of the luckiest daughters  
in the whole wide world. I keep  
pinching myself to see if all this

is happening to me. I hope I'm not getting blasé about it all, what with enjoying these tiny villages & country people so much more than raging about a city "seeing things" & is truly a phenomenal way to live & I can only thank you two for 25 of 25 long years giving all of yourselves for us - which you have done. Happy Happy 25<sup>th</sup> and we will all be together on the 50<sup>th</sup> I hope. - There's always that to look forward too. Your party at the V. Club sounds like great fun and I hope it isn't over till 6 in the morning and that no one has to work the next day. I can only think of 14 people unless the Kinkels are going. Tell me all about it and who was there. Thanks for letter from Mum and I got a dandy from Thew & one from Babbie! I am going to get her an Austrian Doll & Happy Birthday to Teddy - Do you think he would throw away his pork-pie if I gave him a Lyral hat? - Love & Happy Anniversary  
M.A.

BY AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION  
AIR LETTER  
AEROGRAMME.



I



Visit to  
Stoke Newington  
Hospital

Mr. & Mrs. K. H. Fermanin  
5608 Queen Mary Rd.  
Nampitrad  
Montreal P.Q.

A.H. ygo

← Second fold here →

Sender's name and address: M. F. Fermanin  
1 Stanhope Row, W,  
London.

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ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

→ To open cut here →



Stoke Mandeville

Aylesbury. June 3

Dear old 5608'ers. -

Do I make you horribly  
jealous if I tell you that England has never had a  
lovelier, warmer spring. - I think I picked the right  
year to be here in spring. -

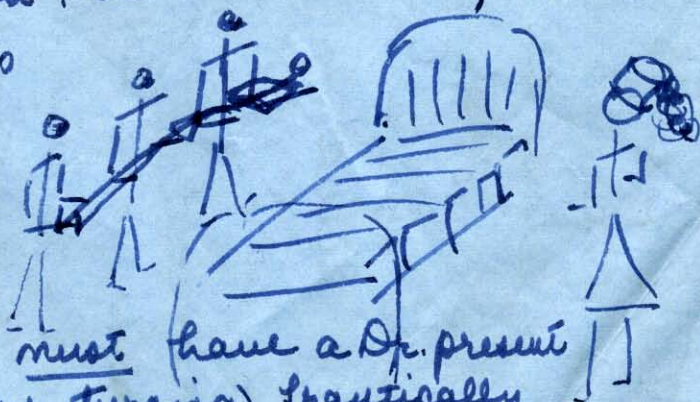
Well at the moment I'm sitting on Betty (Hissink)'s bed and  
trying to talk her into coming to Canada. - I came up  
Sat morning, and Betty met me in Aylesbury. - We came  
here - 10 mins bus ride, and I saw a bit of the dept. Mt.  
in working order as there were a few staff on duty. It  
is a grand set-up and most interesting to see. - It fires  
you with enthusiasm and to see ideal conditions &  
story book theory in practice is superb. After lunch,  
we jumped on a bus & went about 6 miles, and walked  
for the rest of the afternoon, up Loombe Hill, into  
Wendover, got tea, & then walked back - about 7 miles  
I guess. - Then we had supper and listened to the  
radio & talked till midnight. This morning I went off  
to mass at 10. - Having missed the bus, we had to bike,  
and it was such a small bike, & what with heels  
etc, I pulled up in front of the church, pushed on the  
pedals in reflex manner, realized once again that the  
brakes were on the handle bars, pulled, & stepped  
off at the same time & fell smash over ~~on~~ with bike  
on top. - Needless to say ladders galore (runs to govt)  
in stockings & coat a horrible mess. - Never mind - as  
Jim would say "Get there before the last gasp!"  
Well - came back - (uphill) just in time to see the



"turnings" on ward 1x. These patients because of lack of sensation & muscle power, develop bedsores faster than winks, - so they must be constantly turned - every 2 & 3 hours, - but as they all have fractured backs they must be kept in the same position, so they have a team that does the 'turning'.

~~2 Strong orderlies~~ - one orderly fixes & disconnects catheter (A) - (B) (C), & (D) are strong orderlies who lift patient right off the bed and stand their holding patient in their arms - all in a row with arms out facing bed & patient out in arms rigidly supported in ~~the~~ back extended (arch) position. In the meantime, sister

(there is always a sister at every turning & new lesions must have a Dr. present for every turning) frantically fixes supporting pillows & positions the supports - The beds are mattress with





Mr & Mrs K. H. Tremaine  
5608 Queen Mary Rd.  
Hampstead  
Montreal - P.Q.  
Canada

AH (yo)

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Sender's name and address: M. F. J.

1 Stanhope Row W  
London.

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OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.



thick foam rubber sections, changes the sheets if the patient needs it, and arranges things, then the orderlies, still keeping the pts back, well arched lean across the bed & place him on the far side of the bed, - then supporting him all the way, he is turned over on his side, facing orderlies, bottom arms fits into a sections, sand bags (40 lbs) placed in the arched back - 2 pillows ~~to~~ between the legs, 1 on top & a folded sheet straps the top one in place, & pillows placed to prevent foot drop, pyjamas tops on, and (A) orderly comes back & refixes catheter. - then on to the next. - Its a wonderful system & beats all I've ever seen. Same work & man power essential & good supervision too. - Then we had lunch & coffee, & then took a French Portuguese patient out for a wheel. His first trip. - He had his accident 5 yrs ago in Paris, & has been shifted to hospital after hospital since par de la reeducation. Came to Stoke 2 mos. ago & got up in a wheel chair for the first time Tuesday. - He speaks no

English & so Betty & I had a French lesson for an hour. - He appreciated it so much, & got out for an hour.

I'm off tonight, about 8, but am coming back to help with 'paralimpic games day' on June 28<sup>th</sup>. - Should be great fun. -

Mr. Redston took myself & Ann Gibson (~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~Thompson~~ <sup>Thompson</sup> roommate) with a friend of his to theatre & dinner last Thursday night - a lovely time was had by all & much appreciated most kind of him. - He asked me about Windsor & I imagined that I had written them about it, but the story came out that Roger Logie was one of the Scouts on parade. - We didn't see him, but evidently he picked us out of the crowds. Quite funny. -

Eh bien. - I think the season of visitors is arriving in London. - Joe & Dee Dee are coming by on their way home. Then Mary H. Then Morgans & Frewins and on - ad in the night - um. - How would you like



to slip a pound of real coffee in  
the Frews pack, if they ask you if  
I want anything. That would be  
a lovely treat! I got the shoes  
but the monkeys didn't turn up  
at all. - Guess they were rushed.  
I was looking at a map of London  
the other night & realized how much  
I have to see & do before Aug 30<sup>th</sup>.  
Tower of London, Chelsea, Tate  
Gallery, Royal Albert Hall, - & walk  
along Embankment early in the  
morning - and other exciting things.  
But I shall still be glad to be  
home. -

Love to all, - hope it  
gets warmer for you.

Mary Fayre Bayer

P.S.

(Mary H. spelling)

Frew adores her penguin mum.  
Simply thrilled with it -



visit to Windsor Castle

Mr & Mrs K. H. Tremblay  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hampstead  
Montreal P.Q.  
Canada

AC (yes)

Second fold here

Sender's name and address : .....

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY  
ENCLOSURE ; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED  
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Dear Family, -

to Windsor - having tea

what a time we've had!

April 22<sup>nd</sup>.

Our bicycles idea fell through when Alan Davis phoned and wanted to know if I'd go for a spin on a nice Sat afternoon - so I said - sure - take us to Windsor - so he did & left us here last evening. - I think we were both glad that we didn't have to pedal. - we saw about the castle & went to a movie & had a late dinner & off to bed in our pub - very risqué - evidently and we had a lovely sleep in our quaint little room overlooking chimneys. - Had to ring the door bell to be let in the back way after 10.30. - we told them to wake us for early mass. - and forgot about the time change. - so we slept in and got up for breakfast 9.30ish. - at breakfast we found to our surprise that this is a big weekend at Windsor. - Boy Scouts review & B. & R.'s visit to the Queen for tea. - So while I was at high mass, Thomy found her way to Lord Freeburg's Norman castle - knocked on the door & ~~he~~ explained her mission to servant after servant & finally emerged with Lord F himself & promises for passes to the Quad. where the queen was to review the Scouts - we were let in before the ticket holders & found ourselves right behind the cubs - front line. - & when the queen came by she was just almost within reaching distance (pictures galore) So if you see the occasion in the movies, just look behind the cubs & there we are! - Such a thrill. The Duke was there. plus Ann & Charles looking out the window. - such fun. - Then we dashed down to the Thames took a wee boat ride & then realized we could have



canoes - so did so & for an hour paddled happily up  
& down amid cries of - "bye - look at that style" & "eee  
look! apachis -" It was great sport & to see these English  
paddle is a treat - When we came back the boat man  
said - You two must be Canadian! - Then we had Tea  
here and only 2 sec. ago Bul. & Kra(?) passed with a  
monster police escort. - but no one is particularly  
excited about it so we all just sat here & no one  
paid any attention. - They were off to have 'Tea' at  
the castle. - Now we are waiting for 6. P.M. opening  
time at the pub & we will collect our tiny bag.  
& take a bus back to horrible London. - This has  
been a most exciting week end & even sunburnt  
my face - best ca - lots of love M.F.



A DAY IN PHYSIO  
AT PADDINGTON  
GENERAL



Mr. William Wallace Mathewson  
344 Berwick Ave  
Juv. Mt. Royal  
Montreal P.Q  
Canada

Mr.  
Paddington  
General

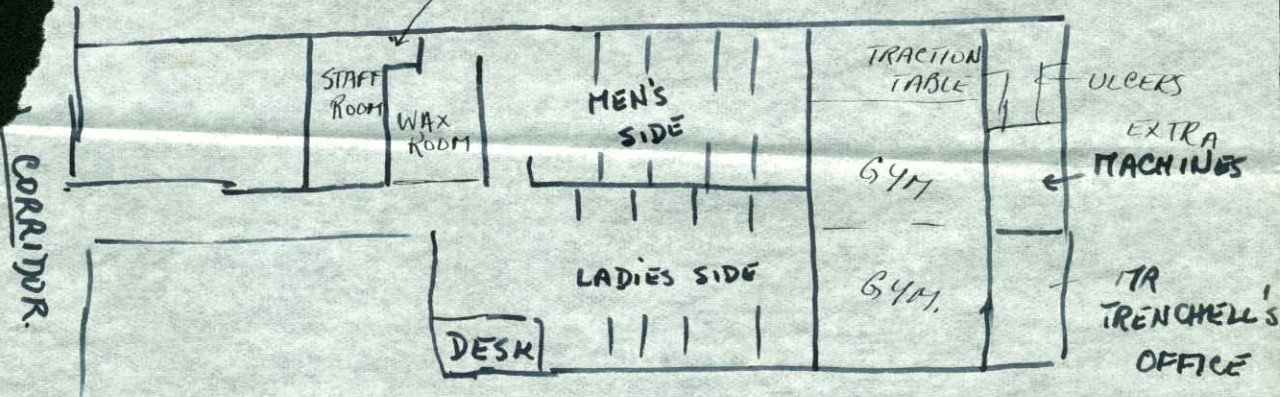
A.O.



1 Stanhope Row. W1.

June 29/56. -

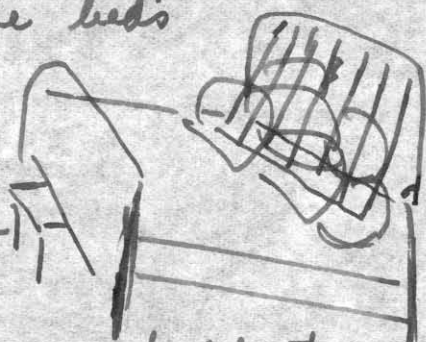
Eight thirty now. - P.M., and what a long time it seems since morning. - Shall I tell you ~~about~~, about my day. 7.15 up and downstairs, where I get my breakfast & sit with my coffee & write a few notes or letters. Then Jessie comes down & I go up & Sheila's usually getting up. I throw my bed together and dress hurriedly cause I'm usually late by this time, grab the garbage & run down stairs - 4 flights. - Throw the garbage in the pail, put the empty waste paper basket back inside the door, grab my mail & set off up the street past the post box where I post my letters. Then to the bus queue ~~where~~ beside the park, where I catch my 36. - along Park Lane, to Hyde Park corner, up Regent's Road, along Prade Street, past dirty old Tottenham Station and out along the canal. The hospital is on the canal. - I change in the staff room, where we have to hide behind a partition cause it's a check room too. plus the tea room & staff room.



PHYSIO DEPT.



Then I throw on uniform & head off for ward 6 - my surgery ward. - Here chaos usually reigns. but sister is still in a fairly good mood. I've got at the moment about 20 patients to see to, here. - I like to start with the hard ones so I see who was operated yesterday or who still has a head chest and go to all these, unprop their heads take away their pillows and put up the ends of the beds, so their chests are draining downwards. - 2 appendix, 3 hernias, 1 removed prostate, 1 amputated finger and 1 removed gall bladder were on the chest list this morning plus a ~~thor~~ tracheotomy done yesterday. - He needed very individual attention as he had to be breathed and suctioned through those air pipes in the throat. Oh yes - I forgot the colostomy in the side ward. - now I dash about from one bed to the next, beating and clapping, coughing and panting and pounding and spitting into white cardboard boxes. - Everyone has them. - and round taking the beds down off their benches head piece, and arranging pillows until back to normal. - Sounds easy, doesn't it, you consider that the beds wind up and down, and the heads are propped by the head board coming out & sliding down to make the angle, and there are 5 or 6 pillows to be propped while you hold the patient away from the head board, plus lifting the whole



blankety blankety bed, plus the heavy patient in & out the stools as you shove the bench in or out. - it adds up to damn hard work. - Then hurry to tracheotomy patient for special care. - then your back feels permanently bent cause the beds are just hip height, not waist height like at home - but no time to think of that. - Dash to sluice (commonly known as utility room at home) find a mask, scrub, and attend to massage & frictions of a leg ulcer, careful detailed work. finish, then to man with above knee amputation to exercise and bandage the stump - his an old war horse & shouts & screams and swears murder while you try to coax him into doing <sup>stump exs.</sup> ~~work~~ - Bless Mr. Huntingford! - Then Mr. Munton, a 22 yr old motorbike accident <sup>with</sup> knee bone out, wrist fracture, and chest complications <sup>being</sup> plus an own baby. He needs everything in the book - Oh Lord I forgot one of the chests upside down! - rush to get it right, pat him on the back gently & say he is to be upside down for 2 hours, back to work & cajole him into exercise, breathing, and movements, set up faradism on knee - cover him up so he doesn't get pneumonia again, jump next door to 85 yr old Mr Hardy, who is dying to try out his crutches again. <sup>he</sup> has a sense of balance like a drunkard so you see off supporting him round the ward & plop him back to bed. - then to Mr Escott who had a bone graft on the arm & is plastered from



solidly from fingers to waist - with the exception of a small hole for tummy eating. Try to breath him & cough him & get him to move all the things left out of casts, but plaster too tight - mental note: talk to Dr. Oh lord - faradism still going so back to him, remove machinery & bandages & set him up with foot on roller skate on board mobilizing knee, - rush out on balcony where Mr Evans has been moved to. - Knee cartilage out 10 days ago - up on crutches - man weighs 225 lbs - stands 5'2" - says he doesn't want crutches cause he doesn't want to be a cripple. (Good lord!) says he can hop. - 15 min solistalk on crutches & no time to teach him - see Dr. - new case - elbow to be treated - out patient - please arrange - Oh yes back test dose of ultraviolet done yesterday and - Oh damn - Dr gone - forgot to chase after him - plaster - rush down the ward - dinner time - the roller skate. Still going. Take away - then lunch - where! - to 7 - medical ward - above 6. - fix lamp - atic knees, walk a henni - plus passive movements, move chests & give a few exercises to man with weak legs please - I think it would do him good! - from intern - blast him - saying don't have time to do things just to make people feel good, teach asthma how to relax! - Relax? - never heard

casualty - oh forgot bed side on A3 - skip it today too late, - write up records - sign cards. Back to ward 6. - check bad breathers, - demonstrate to 225 lb man how to manage crutches - very difficult procedure as wife is visiting & doesn't think he's safe with me and all on balcony very interested & shouting directions like a cheering team. - man so breathless and dizzy can hardly move and immediately in all confusion steps upright on the WRONG leg. Crowds cheer, wife shuts up - no one seems to realize what he's done, but me, so I say my prayers that the old leg doesn't crack under the strain, gently tell him to keep the left foot off - OFF the ground - which means not even touching a waddy bit, hurry him back to bed where he hits the mattress like a bomb & then the crutches weren't so bad after all - were they? I run off the ward to sister & find her in a bit of an argument with Dr. - He says there should be more urinals on the ward. - there are four for thirty six patients and one poor man ended up by buying his own. - The poor patients - and so my day goes - Ward work of course interrupted by Dr's rounds, <sup>Tea</sup> injections, bed tidying, pills, bottles, and not so often baths. The patients have one ONE ~~or~~ bath a week! That's all. - and yet the clock says it's time to go home



and so the day is done. - not finished but done,  
at the hospital. - Some where, in between the patients &  
treatments I sneak a coffee break in the morning & tea  
in afternoon. plus a 1/2 hr in the staff room after lunch.  
These are unusual gatherings as we are a very  
heterogeneous bunch. - Not counting the various students  
who seem to appear when they feel like it, we are 10.  
11 with me.

Boss man Mr. Trenchell, from Ceylon is a man about  
40 and as black as black can be. He is a graduate  
theology student and has travelled very widely, writes  
short stories, has had vast experiences, knows a little  
about most of things and adores to talk about himself  
he doesn't work very hard.

Next I.C. Mr. Bauxister; 45 short quick type man  
who when he is moving goes like lightning & makes  
noise & gets on peoples nerves, and when he's  
still he's soundless & doesn't say much. - He adores  
the test match sounds forth from his  
radio from the staff room, at regular  
intervals he does yellers. - all day long. - and  
he works very hard. Yorkshire man I think.

Mr. Marchant is our secretary. - 50 ish, tickled  
pink by attentions from the men, - very serious  
& proper and does not approve of swearing at all  
she sits at the desk arranging transport, doing  
figures & receiving boxes of sweets for the staff

which she promptly consumes. - She works quite hard.

5 & 4. Miss Phillips and Miss Thomas - 21 & 22 - Ann & Rosemary who braided together, live together and are busy most of the time talking boy friends and coffee's last night. - rather shallow - both on wards with me and they both work darn hard.

6. Miss Furnace who is a blind girl, about 36 - works 14 days & really isn't very interesting.

7. Mr Adams who is partially blind. Every one of the girls hates him desperately but I'm afraid I'm just sorry for him. He tells terribly tall tales and pretends to know everyone and their brother. - He promises wonderful things through his "contacts" and they invariably go through. Poor delusioned old man who does literally no work but gossips incessantly on the wards to find out all the hospital dirt. -

Mr. Eddie Silverston - about 23 - with spanish looking & feminine. - soft spoken and soft shod. - Terribly kind & hopeless on the mens side - Excellent women!

Long List a great big red head who is never away. - just came. - used to teach. He is very matured, 32, and works the most efficiently of all. - He is getting the place slightly organized & it's refreshing to see some method and discipline being instilled - we have great fun teasing each other.

10. Then last but not least is my dear friend, Mr Bould. He is a short little Yorkshire man of about 35. and a rough diamond if there ever was



one. He knows a hell of a lot, but just plods on quietly in his own way easily getting through 25 patients a day - with no rush or bother. His favorite thing is sports accidents and when he's not at the General he's at Harringway arena or Paddington Recreation ground looking for pulled ligaments and twisted muscles. - He wants to make a name for him self in Athletic Injuries - dear Mr Gould

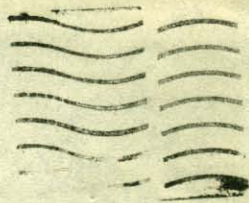
Then there is Stephen our 23 yr old Austrian who is orderly. He is so good and so very willing and would bring a plinth up to the ward if you asked him to, but he's dying to be done with his 1 yr. in hospital. for immigration purposes. -

Then me and that's the lot. - Not terribly inspiring but good fun and good experience. - There is so much to tell about that I'm afraid I haven't done very well but it gives you a rough picture of day from 9 to 5. -

My late now, but it's fun to think I've accomplished something while sitting down for a lot of tearing around like a mad thing. I've lost taken some black & white pictures you should be getting soon. am having them developed now at Harrods on Thony's discount. wonderful Thony -  
Love & stuff.  
M.F.



Y AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION



prostitute encounter  
& visit to Billingsgate  
& Tower.

ATL. (yes)

Mr & Mrs. K. H. Tremani  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hampstead  
Montreal PQ  
Canada



1 Stanhope Row. W1.  
Sat. June 10 ? - 56!

Good morning dear 5608'ers,

This morning's mail had a lovely letter from Mum + pictures. - a pansy barrel. - no less. - Motherer it looks beautiful!! - & I love the pictures. - I suspect my baby brownie! - Glad you are using it. - Had a letter from Mary H. too from the Empress, - Dangerous Dabby's ship! - She says it looks like an old ladies home at the moment. - She will have a good time I'm sure. -

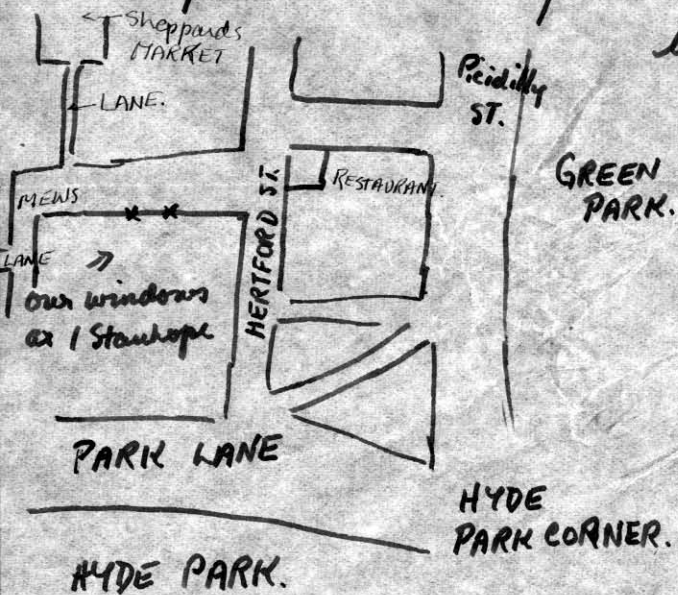
This morning I have about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr for writing as Mary Jane Ferris is coming by presently for with her buggy & we are off to Canterbury for the day. - It is a cold, rainy miserable day but never mind. - This is what I've been expecting & it's the first bit of nasty weather we've had. - Oh before I forget. We put our names down for the garden party & didn't be accepted. & so I'm afraid that's that. This saying of knowing someone in court is very true. - I think you have to. - Funny tho' I'm not particularly disappointed. Perhaps I should be but I'm not so that's that. -

Jessie is in Rome at the moment & Sheila off for the weekend. If me suis tant sent. - Last night I had Thorry over for general chit chat & sewing etc. - (How I'd love to be making something for Frew, but frankly can't get inspired with our machine (a) & (b) things are so much nicer at home.). The night before that I had Caroline Gilbert & Angela Hill (nice English physids who is going to Montreal July 25<sup>th</sup>) over for the evening.



we had a grand time chatting & drinking coffee, & I was telling them about the girls on the corner. - The great numbers of them & how there was never a dull moment, what with the restaurant opposite open till 3 A.M. & constant prowling people waking up from Picadilly and on through to the shadows of Sheppard's market. - There are always girls along the way, strolling under the street lamps, talking briefly to each other & at the sound of foot steps, separating to each take their chance with the stranger, or perhaps a regular. -

Carolee & Angela, I'm afraid, thought I was exaggerating & so I told them to wait till about 10 & then see & sure enough we turned off the lights & looked out, and saw a girl prowling along under the window. We were leaning out watching her. which sounds rather base, but



believe me it is quite fascinating. and another girl <sup>came up</sup> from Herford Street, saw us, (which I must say, they've never done before, and) said to the first girl - "look you've got an audience" and so both of them started to hustle abuse up at us, sparing neither words or tone. - needless to say we with drew rather

quickly. They continued their verbal attack for some time and the next time we looked out, there was no one there.



Carollee was afraid to go out: so I said I'd see them to  
 the bus stop & safely home. - so I took them through some  
 more sordid streets & then waited with them on Park Lane  
 till their bus came by. Then as I walked down  
 Hertford Street, who should be coming towards me  
 but my girl friend who had spotted us. - Gulp. - so I  
 passed her by & she recognised me & shouted. "I hope  
 you enjoyed watching us. - did you see enough?" - so  
 I decided - here goes & turned back & spoke to her, &  
 said we were sorry & felt badly that they thought  
 we were laughing and making fun of them, - we  
 weren't really but were interested, as things like that  
 weren't so evident where we came from & etc etc & said  
 I was sorry if we'd hurt her as we didn't mean to. -  
 well, she was quite amazed & apologised for the foul  
 words & said that it was only recently she had become  
 so bitter & it was a damn hard life. - etc so we  
 chatted a bit, her saying it wasn't a good night for  
 business, as every one was out celebrating the Derby. -  
 & we shook hands & parted good friends. - She said she'd  
 just wave if she saw us there again. - and so life in  
 London goes on. - Fascinating. The one thing is that there is  
 no need to be afraid of the men as there are so many  
 girls so altho' it's a pretty sordid area from 10 till 3.  
 we are safe as church mice in houses. I  
 was glad I'd stopped. - and am dying to see her again  
 & find out more about the profession. and gave me

a grand tour & told me all about the Fishmongers Union etc. The market starts at 5. and everyone must wear leather ~~soles~~ shoes on shoes as by 10 the going gets quite slippery. All the fish comes by rail or truck and is sold as soon as it arrives. It is carried in on the heads of carriers - who wear special hats for their work. He unlocked a cupboard & brought one out to show me. - Rather like miners caps in shape, but strong & flat soled on top to ballance the boxes, - about 8 stone of fish carried at a time. These hats have to be resoled, just like shoes as they wear down very quickly. Then the brim of the hat is curved upwards at the edges so the melting ice & dripping fish juice doesn't run down their backs. - very well. - Ugg! It's a great big shed, fouled smelling with the years of fish that have wriggled their way through. - Rules say, (union rules) that they have to wash it down every evening - hoses too, of course. They used to use disinfectant but that got right inside the fish, so now they just scrub it. - So I thanked the boddy for his kindness and assured him that I would be back at six some morning. Then on down embankment. - Saw a good place to take a picture of Tower Bridge so wandered <sup>out</sup> onto a wharf, confronted by the yard hand - a dear cockney old gent. who thought it a great joke that I was there on the dock & no one had stopped me. - We were beside a dutch ship, sailing at 2 P.M. So the 3rd mate (very dutch), cockney & I chewed the fat for a half an hour on the subject of Bloody Towers,



Ratteldams and Canada, & I took my picture & went on.  
Found the tower & with book in hand wandered  
for miles up stone steps, past sites of scaffolds; round the  
crown jewels, past miles of knights in armour, from Italy  
Germany, France & England; looked at weapons used by  
Danes versus Normans in 1066 & all that, talked with  
Beef eaters, who know their English history better than any  
Canadian school teachers; saw St Johns Chapel - which is  
a (and I quote) "splendid example of Norman architecture"  
past the gun room, climbed to Beauchamps Tower, where  
Jane Grey's lover chiseled JANE into the wall; (sole occupation  
for 2 years) & climbed the bloody tower where Eliz I spent  
2 years - & the 2 princes were supposedly murdered in their  
beds, came out of Wakefield Tower & collapsed on a bench  
of for a cigarette & fast resting time. When - masses of beef  
eaters and school children, all over the place. - Then I climbed  
the Tower Hill to Trinity Square, (where they did most of the  
executions,) walked for about a mile seeing that part of  
London & found myself a tube station, & caught the  
Circle line to Westminster. Climbed out & walked now in  
the other direction to the Tate Gallery. - Its a nice walk -  
past the parliament bldg & Westminster Abbey & quite a new  
angle on them for me. - Into Tate gallery. Its west wing is  
filled with English art from way back when, but it  
leaves me cold. - Staid detailed, controlled and with out  
emotion. - Just like the English. - Give me the east wing  
any time - French modern, with Monet, Van Gogh (sp) &

Picasso and Renoir, color, daring and joie de vivre - so refreshing compared with England & English. A real treat, just like an Italian movie the other night 'the bicycle thieves' - (oh how I long for the opposite of 'English Reserve') -

Finally my feet gave way & tho' the mind was willing the body climbed on a bus & took me home. - A day well spent tho' - And so

now I shall defrost the 'frige. - It is such a phenomenal thing to have one in this country that I delight in cleaning it out. The door is broken & won't close, & the landlordly won't get anyone to fix it - so we prop it closed with a dining room chair. This we must do softly tho' as if we bang or walk heavily upstairs, the peeling plaster on the ceiling showers down to be tramped into the rug. - We have to carpet sweep at least 2x a day. - Then as the rains have come at last the other corner has begun to seep again. - & there is a wet patch in the corner about 4' x 4' & drippings down to the floor - no Birmingham exaggeration either. You don't need to. - Then shall wax kitchen floor, - & tidy things perhaps make cookies & be ready tomorrow morning for another start to Canterbury. - Hope this one more successful.

Everything looks like home in the pictures of 5608 & I'm dying to come home. - but now, at last I feel as tho' I am adjusting to living alone & away. - It's taken a long long time to do, but I feel master of the situation at last. - It was pretty grim for a while. - The money situation is flat broke, but happy, living on 6/10/- and liking it. My only worry is Scotland & Ireland. I know the Manuels won't let me pay for anything but I would feel badly if I didn't contribute something. - so I may have to borrow some. - But I'm still thinking about it. - Don't send it out of kindness as I'm being stubborn & independant to the last - Cheers & Love M.F.



P.S. Thorry took off from work & went to the Derby - won 6 pounds. - Its quite a day here -

"Derby Day" - Every patient had a special tip for me and all wanted me to join their special lottery and put sixpence to win, Threepence to place (can never spell threepence that way) and so the days excitement gathered, all treatments doctoring, nursing, and physiotheraping stopped while Llandudno were the race. - Thorry said it was a super day - most exciting and well worth a black lie to the office about sick in bed.

Love - me. -

May 56



ington Castle.  
Retreat

Mr. & Mrs. K. A. Tremain  
5608 Queen Mary Rd  
Hampstead, Montreal  
P.Q. Canada

Al. (yo)

(at one)



Allington Castle. Kent.  
Sat. May 5<sup>th</sup> 1956.

Hi Oel.

The setting at this sitting is a very quiet and peaceful one. I am sitting in my room at a very old and very low writing table. - In front of me is a bare stone wall. On my right into a corner of the turret, is my bed, and a wooden cupboard or locker, and on the floor is a brown rug. Just by my bed there is a small green rug. There is an electric light in the centre of the ceiling, hanging down. - I have a chair, and a mirror. - On my left, is a turret window, about 4 four feet high and paneled in small squares with very old glass. - Just out the window, I can see the road which leads into the castle. There is an old moss covered ~~to~~ stone barn by the road, and behind that the trees are at last bursting into greeners. - There is a moat around the castle, and the green banks sloping up away from it, are spotted in color with daffodils, crocuses, and hyacinths. One tree by the road is covered in bright red buds, which haven't quite come out, and another is a wild cherry, with pink blossoms already blooming. - The sky is very blue and the clouds very white, and the grass very green. - Just at the ~~entrance~~ bridge there is a willow on either side, which dips gracefully into the water. - The only sound is the sound of birds.

( It was way back in February, when one of the girls at King's told me of this retreat and about Allington



Castle and of the Carmalites. I said yes, I should love  
 to come and so just before Easter I heard again &  
 was told what bus to catch etc. And so Friday  
 dawned. The week had been a hectic one, work fearfully  
 tiring and me with a cold. I raced away after work,  
 missed my bus, & stormed about till the next one, and  
 then the bus driver didn't let me out at the right  
 place, and so I set off for about a two mile walk  
 with my suitcase & coat. - heavy as lead. - I was in a  
 horrible temper but somehow having to walk all that  
 distance was a good thing, as slowly London's greyness  
 evaporated from my mind. - The sky was a beautiful  
 bright blue and the grass a summer's green already.  
 First I walked along the road by a beautiful orchard,  
 completely in blossom, and then turned off down a  
 dusty road which led down into a valley. Things grew  
 quieter and more peaceful, and I forgot the suitcase  
 I was carrying, and was only conscious of the beautiful  
 greenness and blues, and the freshness of the air and  
 the singing of the birds. - There were trees in blossom  
 everywhere and the sun was setting off behind me.  
 I found the archway beyond some farm houses, and  
 entered into the green gardens. There was a sister  
 talking to one of the farmers, and she rushed up to  
 me, and greeted me, and said what a long and  
 tiresome walk, and then she took my suitcase and



into the castle. - We crossed the green enclosure, and went through the great dining hall, where Henry VIII had very grand banquets. - It is quite bare now, except for a very modern interpretation of many at the foot of the cross - a large picture hanging on one wall. In the centre of the two side walls, are enormous fire places - ones you can walk right into. - We walked through here, and up some stone stairs by the wall, along a passage - through more archways and finally up a steep narrow circular stair case which led up to the tower. Henry VIII's room is just under mine, here in the tower, and one flight more takes you up on to the roof of the tower. - She waited while I washed my hands, and then we went down stairs again, and she opened a door off the great hall. I went in, and found it to be the dining hall. - (present day) and it was quite as could be, and yet everyone from King's was there. One of the nuns was reading, and so I was motioned to my seat. - I sat by myself at another table, and an enormous plate of thick onion soup, steaming hot, was placed before me. The others finished. Sister stopped her reading, said grace, and people silently went out. - Two girls stayed with me, and my soup plate was removed and a great big kipper placed where it had been. - Thank goodness I couldn't taste a thing! We spoke in whispers and were very

quiet, I gulped some tea, ~~and~~ when we heard a bell, and we quietly assembled in the chapel for our evening instruction, and then evening prayers. The chapel is fairly small and long & thin, between the outer and inner wall of the square castle. The nuns took their places at the front, and chanted a litany with ourselves joining in the responses. It was a lovely sight. After evening prayers. - 9.15. I was shown ~~my~~ the library, which contains all sorts of books, all kinds took one, and walked about the enclosure for a while, and then found my way back to my room. I was all by myself in the tower last night & it was great fun. Fortunately it was warm, but I should hate to think of a cold weekend here. - Oh! Oh! Oh! -

This morning at seven, the Angelus sounded. I lept up & was ready for mass at 7.30. - Then breakfast again ~~with~~ in silence, with sister reading. I went up on the roof after that, and took a few pictures, and read & then I began this letter. - Now it is afternoon. - We had an instruction period before lunch, & another at 3.15 & 8 or 9 tonight. Thorry is coming this aft. - She will probably not know what to do with herself, but I am sure it will be interesting for her.

Monday morning.

Back in London now, but at 1 Stanhope Row W. 1. - I cannot believe my good fortune as this



place is so very different from 64. Something must be a catch some where, but I can't see it yet.

The rest of the week-end was just as lovely as the first. The weather was absolutely glorious. The spirit of peace, quietness and prayer continued throughout. and was most refreshing.

The Carmelite nuns are the nuns who stay in the castle, who wait on you at the table, fix the rooms, do the cooking, tend their gardens and look after all visitors. They wear brown habits, and white balaclavas and white cloaks for chapel. - I think they are called ~~the~~ a third order. - They take their vows, and come to the castle for a year or two of training then when the sister in charge hears of a suitable job they feel one of their nuns is ready for it, they send the nuns out into the world to do just ordinary things. ~~see it~~ At this moment there are 6 in the castle (their home) and four in London. - Two in London are working in the theatre, as wardrobe manageresses - another teaches prep boys in a school. - at the castle one is a secretary, one a housekeeper, one an old officer of the WRENS - when they leave the castle they dress in ordinary dress. - Saturday evening, just as Thomy & I were standing at the road talking to Father Bede, a most attractive girl came happily down the road in a pretty dinky

skirt and white blouse. She said good evening Father (not Francis) Daddy) and was introduced as Suzanne. - She said London just was too hot & hurried & she just jumped on a bus to come home for the weekend. - She was one of the Sisters! -

On our way back last night we were driven to the road by another sister in the castle chariot a big station wagon. - And the boys were waiting on ahead. ~~But~~ When we caught up to them they wouldn't let us by, - walking abreast across the road pretending meditation. - We all laughed & then sister pressed on the horn, roared on the accelerated (prayed I hope) and then blasted her way right through them. - Did they ever leap. - A most wicked woman at the wheel! -

We all come back by bus last night and I was truly sorry to leave Allington. - It is very near Maidstone in Kent. - wasn't Daddy down there?

I must off to work but I hope to write again & tell you of the Kennedy's visit & last week's hecticness.

Love to all - please send white shoes -

Just crying out

love. M. F.

(over)



Monday Night.

Whew! here I am, sitting at dining room table absolutely Pooped! just went round the corner to the Dorchester (get that) to see the Kennedys but they were out. - before that I moved. - Holy Pete. I just threw everything into anything that would hold something, called a cab & fortunately got a driver who wasn't nasty & he helped carry things. Then Michael Pope helped things into the cab & his wife sent him along to help the cabbie up the 4 flights here. So here I am, everything absolutely shovelled into suitcases, and me sitting doing nothing but writing a letter. - Haven't the energy for anything else. Now I shall get everything home I don't know. Everytime I think of you, Mum, standing by as I packed saying "well that won't do you any good here - you'd better take it!" - & I could shoot you, - but at times - but only at times - odd things have been useful. -

"Just off Park Lane" - that's me! - and so, I found tonight that it is so poor that the difference in the prostitutes on the corners is amazing. - Desperately chic ones down here - and many many more that at 64. - Two to a corner and dressed to kill! It is said of certain dressmakers here in London that if they supply these gals with an outfit, they will seduce. and let the men know where their wives

can buy these post outfits. - So if you ever want  
to know a taylor! - - -uff said.....

Last week was really hectic. Monday night opera  
Tuesday Lloyd arrived - without Bill, - They had  
split up in Germany. so we fed him and then  
went out to John & Olive's - friends of B & L. for  
coffee. Wed night we took Lloyd and Ted (a boy  
Thorny met on a bus!) to the theatre & saw an  
excellent play. - Then when we got back to bed -  
Thorny went in & backed out hurriedly saying:  
"Good Lord!" there's a man asleep in there - and  
sure enough - There was Bill - sounds in Thorny's  
bed. - we woke him up & proceeded to stay up till  
3 AM. with chit chat. - Then we smuggled them up-  
stairs into an empty room & made them sleep on the  
floor as they didn't have any place to go. Lloyd was  
wise & snuck out at 6. AM on his way to Scotland,  
but Bill, the old so & so, had to be awakened at  
9 & pretend he had come for breakfast. I was a  
bit of a nut, going out the previous night as I had  
a roaring temperature with a monster cold, so I was  
up with coughing etc till about 4.30. I didn't go  
to work Thursday but slept all day and got up &  
went out to dinner & theatre with the Kennedy's - &  
(I am a nut I know) - Their chauffeur picked me up  
as usual & we went to see "The Power & the Glory" -



which was excellent. - Then we went out for dinner at "The Ivy" which was one of the poshest places I've been to, since I've arrived. It was such fun, and talking to them about home & finding out all the news & relaxing. And then when I was full of wine & quite tiddly they brought me home in a taxi. Oh the joys of being taken home - even in a cart - let alone a taxi. - So when I arrived I found Bill & Thomy still up, having visited the pub & supped merrydawn cider, so we all were in high spirits & made more noise. - & then Bill had to stay again overnight. Mrs Bate - had had her suspicions the ~~night~~ day before when she saw him, unshaven, wandering about, <sup>in the morning</sup> but fortunately didn't say anything & as all the rest of the tenants were more or less in on it & thought it a great joke we allowed him another evening "cheer noise". - Sounds rather desperate doesn't it! - but it was fun.

And then Friday, I went to work - still feeling desperate & left for the castle. - That's the beginning of this letter. - I didn't tell you of our pilgrimage on Sunday. It was a beautiful summer's day and after our midday meal we set out on foot along the river ~~to~~ to Alesford, the original Carmelite mission home, way back in 12 something or other. - The priests & brothers returned in 1949 and have what is known as a rosary walk. All around the garden are

plaques on trees depicting a) the five joyful mysteries, b) the five sorrowful & the c) five glorious mysteries of the rosary. It is a lovely setting and as soon as we arrived we went around the garden with our rosaries, each leading a decade of the prayers. - I was terrified when I thought of leading others in prayer, a thing I've never done before, but somehow it does one a lot of good. I didn't even consider that anyone else might be paralysed by the thought, but when one girl couldn't even get through the "Our father" without restarting twice I felt much better. - Johnny bravely went with us & seemed to be quite taken with it all, as I was myself. - Great numbers of pilgrims come from all over England, just to take that rosary walk, and there is constantly a large group on the way round. There are relics of a saint in a chapel (I'm ashamed to say that I can't remember who) and then we walked back - about 4 or 5 miles. - I had dust up to my knees by the time we arrived back. After that the 'Retreat' was over and it became most social & lots of fun with talking & laughing and joking at supper & the henky pants on the road on the way out.

and now it is time once more for bed. - I have so much to do with unpacking etc - but



there is tomorrow, and tomorrow and tomorrow  
 which reminds me - Apr May 8. Dentist 5 P.M. oh  
 horrors. - Recommended by Carolee, I took my  
 courage in both hands and made the big appointment  
 too late to turn back now - oh woe is me. - I hope  
 to have just a few <sup>fillings</sup> but you know my teeth. After all  
 the sweets, they'll probably all have to come out!  
 Then after that more opera - the Oo la la la -

My eyes drop, my mind thinks of the  
 enormity of tomorrow's events and doings and  
 nasty states on Ward Seven. Oh she is a B. -  
 and it takes all my concentration to go through  
 the formalities of visiting her ward so that by the  
 time I get to a patient I'm exhausted.

Oh bien -

Oh mother - really! I got the Physio news letter  
 today. - honestly! -

My address is 1 STANHOPE ROW - W1.

Telephone HYDe park 4380

let me see.....

what else..... have I mentioned  
 white shoes.....

Farewell fond Friends.

Your voice from Britain

truly. - (happy once  
 more)

(over)

Gracious - I haven't writing a letter like this since "la grand soue avec gai" - and I do believe both my spelling and my writing ~~of~~ have deteriorated miserably. - It is perhaps a good thing that I am going back to school. - Me - Teaching at McGill.  
 dear dear -

Heavens I must go to bed. -

Am rooming with

a) Sheighla Rogers - Montreal - daughter of Mr Rogers - She is sick in hospital having insulin tests for diabetes. - poor girl &

b) Jessie Stirling whose father in Montreal is a rather outstanding member of Cape & Co. Ltd. - Ring any bells?

Love & Kisses Family bear -

Mousy Muffy - bear.